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The Vacationers' Story

OF THEIR TRIP

FROM EAST TO WEST
AND HOME AGAIN



By

Fannie and Mattie MacLaury

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To Our Friends:

At the suggestion of numbers of you we publish this little story of our travels, hoping that the criticisms of others who chance to read or possess the book may be as kind as yours and that all may in some measure share with us the surpassing pleasures of the trip.

FANNIE AND MATTIE MACLAURY.

CHAPTER I.

Starting on a Journey of 8000 Miles for Sight Seeing.

SATURDAY, July 31, 1909, we, "The Vacationers" of The Delaware Express, took the train from Walton to Utica where with the aid of a well informed New Yorker, E. R. MacLaury, a cousin who was to be our traveling companion, we settled the important question of our route to Seattle and return. We then bought tickets covering an itinerary of about 8200 miles exclusive of side trips; the trip out, west of Chicago, to cover an entirely different route from the return trip. That done, we took a fast train on the New York Central, making but three stops across the State, reaching Buffalo at 6:30 p. m. Here we changed to the Michigan Central and were soon in Canada where we encountered an unexpected, at least to us, bit of red tape in the stamping of every piece of baggage by a Government Custom Official. Then before our train returned to Uncle Sam's dominion, the baggage was inspected by another set of officials and being properly tagged was allowed to pass unexamined. The trip of a few hundred miles across southern Ontario was all made after dark, so we have little to report about Canada. At 11 p. m. we reached Windsor, opposite Detroit, and here our train was cut up into sections and ferried across Detroit river, there being no railroad there. A subway, however, is now being built under the river, through which trains will pass some day.

At daybreak Sunday morning, we awoke in Michigan. The train was speeding over immense level stretches, ideal country through which to build a railroad. Trees, many of them new to us, were plentiful, so were well built farm houses and large gardens. The wheat and corn fields seemed large to us for we had not yet seen the mammoth grain fields of Minnesota. Crossing Michigan, we passed through a corner of Indiana and entered Illinois, skirting along the shore of Lake Michigan and reaching Chicago at 8:15 a. m., central time, which of course was 9:15 by our watches. There was something doing at the ticket window of the Chicago Union depot, and by the time our tickets were O. K'd by pasting a strip on them, making them two yards long—they were over a yard long when bought—the train we had intended to take had gone and no other through train left until 6:30 p. m., so we spent the day in Chicago. We did not see the best part of the city, so had only the impression of a big, bustling and not overclean town, peopled largely with foreigners. From 6:30 until dark we rode through a charming section of Illi-

nois on the C. B. & Q. which took us to Minneapolis. Well kept villages were numerous, the farms large and their owners apparently prosperous.

We crossed Illinois during the night and on awaking early Monday, saw the full moon shining on the Father of Waters, the noble Mississippi. The C. B. & Q. follows the river for three hundred miles, through Illinois, Wisconsin and into Minnesota. Though much of the trip was made at night, enough of the river was seen by daylight to convince us that its beautiful and diversified scenery has not been sufficiently exploited. With its steep bluffs, its many wooded islands, its odd shaped bays and lakes and its feathery foliaged trees, it combines the beauties of the Hudson and Lake George with those of tropical rivers; and the queer crafts which ride its waters aroused our curiosity, so different were they from those of New York State.

Minneapolis was reached at 8 a. m. Monday and here we made a stop of two days, visiting relatives and doing the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, the prettiest cities we had ever seen (by the way we had not yet seen Pasadena, Cal.); cities with smooth clean streets, fine stores and business blocks, beautiful homes, parks, lakes, and shaded drives leading in all directions. We went through the capitol at St. Paul. It is an imposing building, completed only four years ago at a cost of \$6,000,000 and said to be one of the few government buildings erected without graft. Those who have seen both say it is a finer building than our capitol at Albany. The exterior is of Georgia marble with Minnesota granite foundations. Native granite and limestone are largely used in the interior, though a beautiful variety of foreign marbles is seen. The gold leaf decorations are said to be the finest in the world and there are emblematic paintings by the noted artists, Simmons and LaFarge. The long winding cantilever stairway is one of the wonders of the building. The door and window fixtures were furnished by the Gardner Hardware Co. of Minneapolis, the same Gardners who so royally entertained "the vacationers." At Minneapolis we saw the largest brick grain elevator in the world; the Pillsbury Flouring Mill, the largest in the world and the new mill of the Russell Millar Co. said to have the most up-to-date equipment of any yet built. The University of Minnesota is located at Minneapolis and its buildings and grounds are fine. We visited Lake Minnetonka five miles out and had a steamer ride. On account of its zig-zag coast line, the lake boundary is over three hundred miles long. Tuesday afternoon we had an auto ride of 40 miles, visiting the falls of Minnehaha and passing the Soldiers Home and Fort Snelling. The fort occupies the site of the great

Indian massacre. The next day, Wednesday, we left on the North Coast Limited of the Northern Pacific R. R., a train made up entirely of Pullman coaches, observation car and diner, and while we are writing this, we are running through immense fields of wheat, corn, potatoes and grass, interspersed with stretches of timber, mainly scrub oak. Near Little Falls, Minn., we passed a typical Western sawmill about which were piled literally acres of lumber and logs. Before night we reached Fargo just across the North Dakota line.

CHAPTER II.

From Fargo, N. D., through "Bad Lands" to Yellowstone Park.

FROM Fargo, N. D., our route westward was among immense wheat fields compared with which even those of Minnesota were small. The wheat was in various stages of growth, some of it ripe and being harvested with reapers. We saw one reaper with twelve horses attached. We passed through the vast Dalrymple farm, said to be 35 miles long, and the largest farm in the State, perhaps the largest in the world.

Our party which now numbered five, having been increased at Minneapolis by two of the Gardner cousins, were fortunate in witnessing both a thunder storm and a sunset on the Dakota plains on the evening of August 3. The lightning which accompanied the storm was one of the grandest displays of fireworks we ever witnessed, the zigzag flashes shooting up from all parts of the sky. A little later when the storm was over the sun set like a huge ball of fire, the glow extending half way round the horizon and lasting fully an hour. A fellow passenger who has crossed the ocean said the scene was similar to an ocean sunset.

We entered the "Bad Lands" during the night, and when we awoke on the morning of the fourth were impressed with the change in the physical features of the country. The rich black soil noted in eastern North Dakota was missing, also the numerous lakes seen there and in Minnesota. We had reached the Montana line at 4:40 but were still in the "Bad Lands," and passing through arid valleys covered with sage brush, the first of it we had noticed, and here and there rose bare sand bluffs and knolls. There were scarcely any trees and the

houses were few and small, some homes being merely shacks and log cabins. We were along the Yellowstone River, which we followed all the way to Livingston, Montana. As we advanced the scenery grew more picturesque, the hills were higher and more numerous and dotted over with scrubby evergreens, the valleys were more fertile, made so mainly by irrigation, and irrigating ditches were everywhere noted. At Big Horn we passed through the first tunnel since leaving New York State. It was a short one built through a sand hill. Custer, Mont., where the train stopped a few minutes, seemed a fair sample of the "wild and woolly West." Here we saw a wagon load of Indians, also one lone Indian, all of whom turned their backs when they saw that cameras were pointed at them from the train. The Indians call a camera the Evil Eye, and think having a picture of their faces taken will bring them bad luck. Not far from Custer is the scene of Custer's last stand against the Indians and a few miles beyond we passed Pompey's Pillar, a conspicuous round pillar of rock surmounting a sand hill. The train stopped ten minutes at Billings, Mont., a hustling western town which we "did" to the extent of our time. We reached Livingston, Mont., at about 2:30 p. m.—mountain time. We had found it necessary to set our watches back another hour at Mandan, N. D., where central time changes to mountain time. At Livingston we took the branch line for Gardiner, Mont., the entrance to Yellowstone Park, and had a ride of two and a half hours among the most picturesque mountain scenery. The road follows the Gardiner river. Here again we caught sight of snow capped mountains as we had done several times the day before. The entire route lay through a mountainous, sparsely settled country. We passed through a narrow canyon with only room for the river, the railroad track and the highway, then a wide expanse called Paradise Valley opened, then "Yankee Jim's" canyon and cabin appeared, named for an eccentric New England character who for years guided parties through the canyon and who still lives there in solitude at the age of 76. At the Hot Springs sanitarium whose buildings were the finest we had seen in many miles travel, quite a delegation left the train. The little coal mining town of Electric was passed with its tiny miners' huts, its apparatus for bringing the coal from the mountains and its stalwart, grimy citizens. Near here we saw an almost perpendicular slide called the Devil's Slide extending hundreds of feet down the mountain.

At Gardiner we left the train and were in the hands of the Wylie Permanent Camping Co. under whose auspices we made the trip through the Yellowstone Park.

CHAPTER III.

Among the Steaming, Spouting Wonders of Yellowstone Park.

AFTER supper at the Wylie Hotel, Gardiner, August 5, we started on our trip through Yellowstone Park and that evening drove twelve miles to Swan Lake camp. This tour of the Park takes about six days and is made entirely in coaches, some of them drawn by four horses and large enough to carry a dozen people. No automobiles, dogs or firearms are allowed in the park but some "big guns" went through just the same. On our first evening's drive we passed the canyon of the Gardiner River; Eagle's Rock, an immense projecting rock with an eagle's nest at the summit, Mammoth Hot Springs and the adjacent terraces, the latter many-colored from the overflow of the various springs; and saw the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel and the soldiers' quarters near by. We passed through Golden Gate and Silver Gate, high cliffs of rock on each side of the highway which take their names from the color of the rock, and also saw the famous "Hoodoos," detached rocks of all sizes and shapes, which in the gloaming loomed up about us in the most spookish way imaginable.

The route was up and up, until the high altitude made extra wraps necessary in the evening. The nights in the park are decidedly chilly and the Wylie tents which were our sleeping quarters throughout the trip, were provided with outing flannel blankets and two heavy comfortables for each bed. We not only slept but dined, "family style," in tents during the trip and found camp life very novel and enjoyable, and conducive to unconventional sociability. As many as 200 people were at some of the camps at once and we met tourists from nearly every State. On account of the Seattle exposition, this year has brought more visitors than usual to the park, and the Wylie Co. alone had to date escorted 4500 tourists through, while their total for last year was but 3500.

We were awakened in the gray dawn by the tintinnabulation that so musically wells "from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells," and for a moment imagined ourselves back in Delaware county where "the twanging and the clanging" of the cow bell is a common sound; but it was the Wylie horses that had been foraging and were being corraled for the day's drive. A wagon has been secured for our party of five, but the driver was stumped when the big man among us said, "There are five in our party and four little ones." There were

audible smiles when he added, "I mean that four of the five are little."

We drove that day, August 6, about 43 miles. In the forenoon we passed and tasted the water of the Appolinaris spring, which is somewhat like the Vichy water of Saratoga; passed Obsidian Cliff, a wall of black volcanic rock resembling glass; the Twin Lakes, side by side, one blue the other green in color, and explored the Norris Geysir basin where are a number of interesting geysers, most of them continuous in eruption. The sunlight shining on the spray of one geyser made a perfect rainbow on the ground. Near here we saw "The Devil's Frying Pan." Its action is underground and though nothing but steam was visible it spluttered and sizzled like a huge frying pan. "Roaring Mountain" was another most interesting sight, being a steep rocky hillside from many parts of which steam was issuing with a roaring sound.

We lunched at Gibbon Camp and that afternoon drove past the Fountain Hotel, named for the Fountain geyser near which it is located. This geyser had only the day before ceased to erupt and near its now extinct crater, two new geysers both of which seem continuous in action, had started up. Unlike them, the fountain geyser had played only at intervals of a few hours. We drove through the Lower and Middle Geyser Basins and camped that night at the Upper Geyser Basin which with its numerous geysers, hot springs and pools, was smoking like a lively factory town. There are in this basin within an area of one square mile, about 400 openings in the ground, indicating that the section must have once been the scene of great volcanic action.

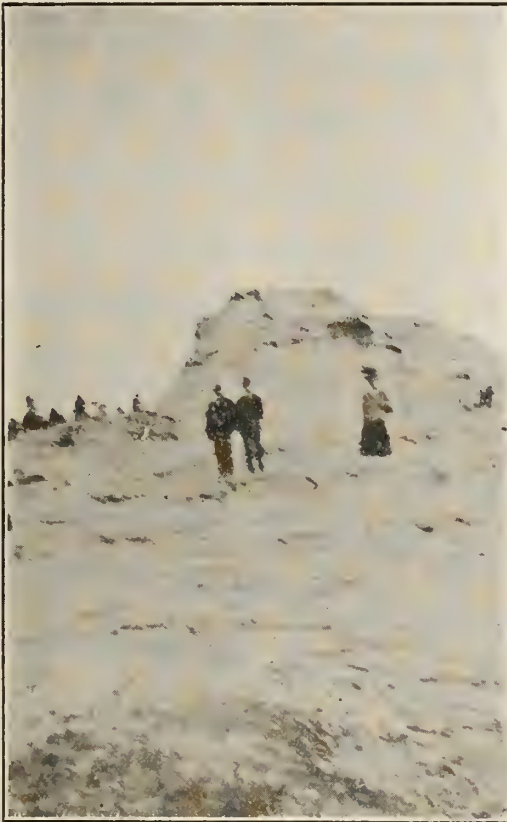
We spent the entire day, August 7, in viewing the strange and interesting sights of the Upper and Middle Geyser Basins, camping in the same place again that night. A guide was sent to conduct the party on walking trips about the region and to explain the curious phenomena. No word picture can give even a faint idea of the weird beauty and grandeur of the sights witnessed that day; of the transparent pools, with their blue, green, reddish or clear waters; of the many-colored and curious shaped formations about the geysers; of the bubbling springs of boiling water; of the underground openings which rumble and roar, yet emit nothing but steam; and of the geysers themselves, some of them constant, others erupting only at intervals and sending up columns of water and spray many feet into the air.

CHAPTER IV.

More About the Geysers and Other Natural Phenomena.

AMONG the most interesting geysers we saw in the Upper Basin were the Grotto, the Butterfly, the Seashell, the Peanut Stand, the Sponge, the Beehive, the Oyster-shell, the Teakettle, the Vault, the Devil's Ear, all of which take their names from the shape of their cones; the Giantess, 180 feet deep, which erupts but once in two or three weeks, playing 250 feet high for 12 hours, and in doing so drains the water from the Teakettle, the Vault and the Oblong geyser; Old Faithful which plays regularly every 68 minutes; the Castle, having a cone 15 or more feet high, which about once a day erupts with a mighty roaring sound, continuing for half

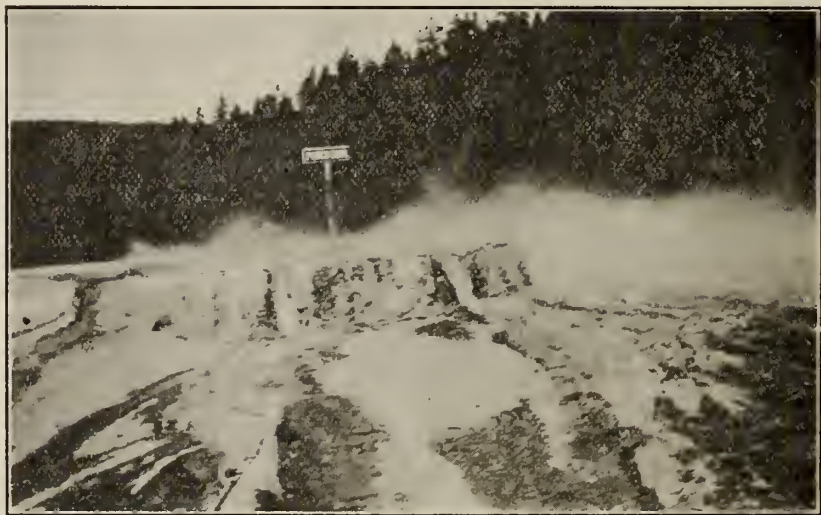
an hour; the Lion, the Lioness and the Two Cubs; and the Devil's Pump which sends up a constant spray of steam with a noise like a giant pump working underground. Besides these the Rainbow and the Emerald pools, Morning Glory spring, Punch Bowl, a continuously boiling spring with a beautifully colored bowl; the curious Biscuit formations, the Paint Pots of varied tints and many other wonders are found here. The numerous craters, some of them minute in size but filled with hot water, are pitfalls for unwary pedestrians and one lady got a badly scalded foot by step-



Castle Geyser, Yellowstone Park



The Grotto Geyser, Yellowstone Park



The "Punch Bowl" [hot spring], Yellowstone Park

ping into one of them. The hot water for use at the Wylie camps in the Upper Basin is brought in pipes from one of the large geysers near by. The Fireside River, certainly appropriately named, is the outlet for the geysers and hot springs of this basin. A thousand dollar fine and two years imprisonment awaits the tourist whose greed for souvenirs prompts him to remove even a stone or the tiniest bit of the geyser formations, but picking wild flowers, of which there are over 50 varieties in the park, is allowed. Before leaving the Upper Geyser basin we visited Old Faithful Inn, a big hotel, beautifully equipped yet rustic and old fashioned in all its details from the unsawed logs and knotted posts used in its architecture, to the big fireplace, imitation candles and antique furnishings seen in the interior. The building is said to have cost \$250,000. The knotted posts so largely used in its construction were obtained from the curious knotted woods near Yellowstone Lake which we passed on the next day's drive.

On our drive from the Upper Basin to Thumb Lake Station on the morning of August 8, we passed the scene of the daring hold-up in 1908 when one highwayman stopped twelve coaches, one by one, at a bend in the wooded road and secured the valuables carried by all their occupants. Tourists are not allowed to carry fire-arms in the park, so the robbery which seems almost incredible was really a cinch for the desperado who thrusting a loaded revolver in the faces of his victims, quickly separated them from their cash. The incident led the government to furnish better protection for tourists and the park is now constantly patrolled by soldiers. The route lay mainly through a dense forest, largely silver fir, Douglas and Engelmann spruce, the road winding up and up among picturesque rocks, until an altitude of over 9000 feet was reached. We twice crossed the Continental Divide, east of which the waters reach the Atlantic and west of which the Pacific. Emerging from the woods our team was frightened by a big black bear which was ambling along only a few yards from the highway. We saw several bears, deer and a herd of antelopes while in the park. These and other wild animals roam at large there. Bears are oftenest seen near the hotels and camping places where they get their food from the table refuse thrown out. Being well fed they are quite tame and seldom molest people.

The drive that afternoon was mainly near the shore of the beautiful Yellowstone Lake which has the highest elevation of any lake in the world of its size, nearly 8000 feet. We passed a wonderful natural bridge of rock and before sunset reached camp on the lake shore where we got a magnificent view of

the lake and of the Teton mountains, some of them snow capped, towering beyond. From camp we saw the Sleeping Giant, the position of the mountains forming a striking resemblance to a reclining human form in profile. The nose, lips, chin, body and feet are plainly visible.

The gentlemen of our party were up bright and early on the morning of the 9th and secured from Yellowstone Lake several fine salmon trout which we took with us to the next camp and ate with great relish (after a "tip" to the waitress). We drove that morning along the Yellowstone river, past the rapids and the falls, to the Canyon camp and spent the remainder of the day in riding and walking along the river in order



Canyon of Yellowstone River

to view the canyon and the falls from various points. The canyon is five miles long, over 2000 feet down at its greatest depth, and at the widest point over 4000 feet across; while its walls slope so that at the bottom it is only 200 feet wide. Between these walls of rock, colored yellow, pink, red, white, gray, brown, purple and black by Nature's hand, flow the gleaming green waters of the Yellowstone, sometimes lost to view in the winding channel, then reappearing unexpectedly. No words can describe the grandeur of the sight. The immense, castle-like rocks furnish nests for eagles many of which we saw soaring above the chasm. In the sunlight the spray from the falls forms rainbows on the rocks, and at noon from the bottom of the canyon stars may be seen. Only the boldest and most surefooted tourists, however, make the slippery

descent, clinging meanwhile to a rope, to the bottom of the canyon.

Some remarkable geysers were passed on the drive from Yellowstone Lake to the canyon, among them Mud geyser, a strange and hideous sight. It erupts constantly with a growling sound and sends up instead of water thick, dark mud. Gable geyser, with a greenish cone, shaped like the gable of a house, contains a boiling hot spring whose water is clear as crystal.

In the forenoon of August 10 we drove about 25 miles, past the Virginia Cascades, and the famous "Wedded Trees," united by a limb firmly grown to each tree, back to Swan Lake Camp. Here we dined and in the afternoon retraced our way over the route by which we entered the park, back to Gardiner, passing Silver and Golden Gates, the Hoodoos and Mammoth Hot Springs. This was the only drive in the park during which we covered the same ground twice. At Gardiner we took a train that evening for Livingston, leaving behind us the weird grandeur of the Yellowstone. Any attempt to describe this region can give no idea of it and we advise readers to make the trip and see for themselves this wonderland of Nature.

CHAPTER V.

Seeing the Rockies and the Miracles of Irrigation.

IN order to see the Rocky Mountains by daylight we remained over night in Livingston, Mont., and left there, westward bound, on the afternoon of August 11. In exploring Livingston we noted a neatly built Carnegie library and observed the, to us, novel style of architecture of the residences. They are smaller than those of most eastern villages, many of them only a story or a story and a half high, and built, it is said, like the California homes.

Leaving Livingston on the Northern Pacific we were soon among the mountains and before nightfall had passed through five tunnels. The train stopped at Bozeman and soon after entered the immense Gallatin Valley, one of the largest and most fertile in the world, passing through which we were again in the mountains. They are rightly named "The Rockies." Vast rocks of every imaginable shape surrounded us, rocks piled one upon another to immense heights, or towering up singly like gigantic monuments. The stony summits were destitute of verdure and we rode miles without seeing a human

habitation. The road curved about among the mountains and chasms, high fills being interspersed with deep cuts and tunnels. The route was steadily upward and the train moved slower and slower as it neared the summit. A rise of 1800 feet was made in a distance of 16 miles. At Homestake, the highest point we began to descend and made rapid time on the down grade from there to Butte. The eight miles from Homestake to Butte cost the Northern Pacific \$12,000,000 to build, being very mountainous.

It was dusk before we reached Butte and the lights from the turrets of many mines in and about the city made a pretty sight. Butte is the richest mining town in the world. Gold, silver and copper are mined there, and the mines extend into the very heart of the city. The Anaconda mine yields annually 300,000 tons of copper. The city has a population of 80,000, one-eighth of whom work underground in the mines.

At Paradise, Mont., we changed from mountain to Western time, making our watches now three hours ahead of Eastern time. We awoke on the morning of August 12 in Idaho. We had left the Rockies soon after passing Butte and were now among lower hills, wooded tracts and lumber camps, with lakes here and there. Entering the State of Washington we soon arrived at Spokane; population 177,000. The city was decorated with flags in honor of the Irrigation Congress just ended. The irrigation question is to farmers in this part of the West as important as is the tuberculosis problem to Delaware county farmers. Our ride that day was mainly through a hot, dry, dusty region where it seemed nothing could grow but sage brush, and little else does grow, except where irrigation has wrought its miracles in the desert.

After our hot ride and "dus'in' off" by the Pullman porters, we were glad to leave the cars that afternoon at North Yakima, Wash., where our entire party of five were delightfully entertained until noon of the next day at the home of Evangelist Charles N. Hunt, formerly of Minneapolis, now supplying the Baptist church here and interested in irrigated orchards. Our host took us for a drive about the city and onto Nob Hill, during which we saw the wonderful results of irrigation. Irrigation has in fact built the city of North Yakima. The town was started only about twenty years ago by the Northern Pacific railroad which set out trees and began irrigating in a crude way. This enterprise was continued by the United States government with great success. Now on what was formerly a desert stands the thriving city with its green lawns, flowers, shade trees, gardens and fruit orchards, and with a net work of irrigation ditches running everywhere. The climate is warm and dry, the winters mild, and there is an

average of about 300 days of sunshine yearly. All the soil seems to need is water to make it wonderfully productive. The citizens have a new version of an old rhyme as follows:

“Little drops of water
On little grains of sand
Make a mighty difference
In the price of land.”

The price of land is soaring, too, keeping pace with the rapidly increasing population. There are about 11,000 people within the city limits, the population having tripled within the past five years. On the outlying ranches within a radius of two and a half miles of city hall are nine or ten thousand more. The ranches average from five to ten acres in size and every foot of land is under cultivation. Peaches, grapes, pears, plums, apples and berries yield what seems to an Easterner fabulous returns, and we ceased to wonder that the land is high upon learning that it will pay for itself several times over in only a few years. Apples are the staple, never-failing crop and their delicious flavor has made the North Yakima apples famous in Eastern and European markets.

The water for irrigating is supplied by the Yakima river and its tributaries, and reservoirs up in the mountains store the wasting snow from the high peaks for the same purpose. The main irrigation ditches are kept up by the government at a cost of only about \$1.50 annually to the ranchers. The water is metered out to each land owner. The lateral ditches are kept up by the owners. Fruit trees five years old and some even younger yield good returns and we saw one pear tree three years old on which were 26 large pears. Alfalfa is a coming product of this country and four crops are gathered yearly from one sowing.

One man who bought a quantity of North Yakima land at \$600 an acre sold part of it at \$1500 and \$2000 an acre and is now selling lots at about \$5000 an acre. The town was settled mainly by former Easterners, people of culture, intelligence and means, who have erected fine homes and public buildings. The handsome churches, built of native stone, cost from \$50,000 to \$60,000 each. The town has a \$75,000 Y. M. C. A. building, a \$110,000 High school building, a Carnegie library and a fine court house.

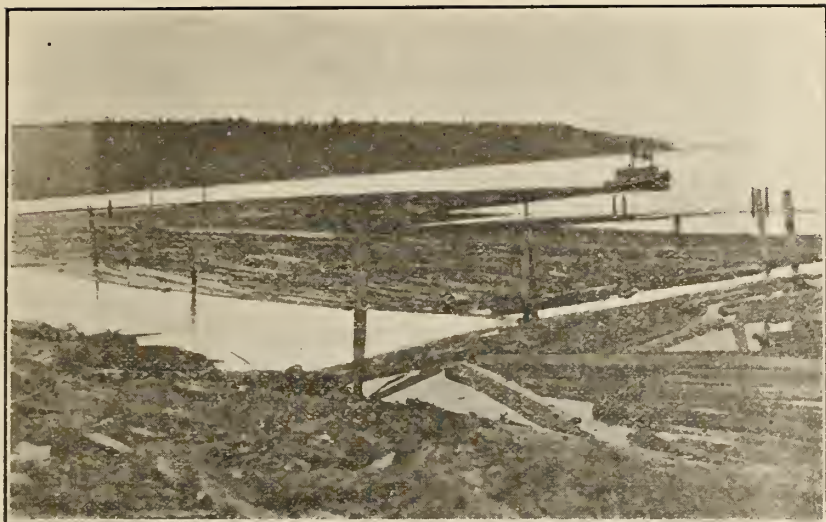
CHAPTER VI.

Interesting Things at Camp Gardner.

ON "Friday the 13th" we left North Yakima at noon. Ringling's circus was to exhibit there that day, and on the streets and at the station we saw the crowds whom the show had brought to town. Among them were a number of Indians from the Yakima reservation, four miles away. The squaws were gorgeously attired in bright plaid shawls, and gay headgears and a few carried "papooses" on their backs. Some of the men wore their hair in long, black braids. There are 2200 Indians on the reservation and many of them are well-to-do. Some lease their land to white people for a good income.

Our ride that day was through the interesting Cascade Mountains, many of which are heavily timbered, and we saw many lumber camps. Great engineering skill must have been required to build a railroad here. There were numerous cuts and tunnels, the tunnel at Stampede, a small station, being the longest on the Northern Pacific road, about two miles. In one place the road climbed the mountain by way of an immense loop, doubling on its tracks like a hunted criminal. We passed through Ellensburg and noted in the vicinity much land under cultivation and numerous stacks of grain. We reached Seattle just before dark, and after supper and a few hours in the city, boarded a steamship for the 42 mile trip on Puget Sound to Port Townsend. We had a short walk about this interesting town on the morning of the 14th. Port Townsend has one of the finest of harbors and is the port of entry to the United States of all ships sailing the Pacific. We met on the streets many men in sailor garb.

At Port Townsend we were met by Ned Gardner with his father's gasoline launch, "Little Dutch," and conveyed through the straits of Juan de Fuca, and across Discovery Bay to the logging camp of H. B. Gardner, the well known Minneapolis hardware dealer, who three years ago purchased nearly 5000 acres of timberland on the shore of Discovery Bay. He has one and three-fourths miles of coast line, making splendid shipping facilities. The "boom," or water storage yard for the logs was pretty well filled with logs, aggregating probably a million and a half feet of lumber. The trees here are mostly yellow fir and red cedar, and some are of enormous size, trees six feet in diameter at the stump being quite common. On one of our tramps through the woods we saw a hollow cedar stump 12 feet in diameter.



“The Boom” at Camp Gardner, on Discovery Bay off Puget Sound, Wash.

Camp Gardner is the second logging camp in Washington to install a Lidgerwood skidder and engine, manufactured by a New York Co., and one of the most up-to-date methods of logging. The steel cables for hauling in the logs, also for loading them, are attached to a “spar tree” from 50 to 100 feet high and operated from above by means of an engine. The main hauling line is lengthened or shortened as desired and 40 acres of land can be cleared at one stand of the “donkey” engine, as the haul-back cable is 3000 feet long. After being loaded on flat cars, the logs are carried by engine over a $2\frac{1}{4}$ mile track to the edge of the boom and dumped by the engine and cables into the water. Here they are made up into sections, or rafts, for shipment. In cutting the large trees the sawyers first chop into them and drive in spring boards on which they stand while sawing. About 20 men were employed at that time, not a full force. The lumber market has been dull since the depression of 1907, but the outlook is more encouraging since the passage of the new tariff bill. A shipment of 16 sections, 80 feet wide and about one-fourth of a mile long, was made from Camp Gardner during our stay, the rafts being towed to Seattle by a tug boat, so we saw the whole process of logging from cutting to shipping. We walked out on the boom, stepping from log to log, to where the water was 25 feet deep.

The bunk houses occupied by the unmarried men, the

few small houses where the married men reside, the cook house, office, all of rough lumber, and the Gardner residence, a substantial 24 by 40 frame building, planed and painted, form almost a tiny village. The house was built last year and for two years previous the Gardners occupied the small house now used as office and store. The family and workmen dine together at the cook house, with a relish that only "good eats," work, pipey air and sea breezes can give. As yet there is no road to the camp and the only way out is by foot path or boat. The nearest postoffice is at Port Discovery, five miles away. A lumber camp was formerly located there, a big saw mill and store and forty houses. The mill owner was persuaded by a rival firm to suspend operations for a year on payment of \$150.00 a day. At the expiration of the time it was found that the contract forbade his resuming work at all, so for 20 years the place has been a "deserted village," at present occupied by only one family and the mill is in ruins.

We found in the woods a number of plants new to us: The Oregon grape, or "American holly," a low shrub with "sour grapes" and glossy evergreen leaves; the salal-berry, not unlike a high huckle-berry bush, the berries black, sweet and insipid, a favorite food of bears; the gum-berry, like a goose-berry except that instead of prickles, a bitter, gummy substance covers the outside; the high mountain cranberry which bears sour, but very palatable bright red berries; the rhododendron, a high shrub which blossoms in the spring and has large, beautiful pinky-white flowers; the ocean spray, a high



Big Trees, Big Ferns, Big Hearts at Camp Gardner.

plant with feathery white blossoms; the wild rose tree which attains a height of from 10 to 15 feet, and the vine maple, a small tree with immense leaves, one that was measured being 16 inches across. In the garden of the nearest neighbor, two and one-half miles away, we saw for the first time the Logan berry, originally produced by Judge Logan of California. In size and shape it is an immense blackberry, in color and taste, a red raspberry.

Along the beach were curiosities washed ashore by the salt water: Bright colored pebbles, shells of various kinds and the star fish and barnacles that cling to rocks and driftwood. Barnacles sometimes attach themselves to vessels in such numbers that they have to be removed before the ships can proceed. Just below the camp is a bed of clams that spouted water at us as we walked over them at low tide. They were not visible, being imbedded in the sand. The kelp, or sea-onion, is found in the bay. The floating onion has a long, brown, serpent-like stalk which gives it a snakey look. Sea gulls, storks and wild ducks are seen and there is good fishing in the bay. Looking across the water one frequently sees ships and cruisers passing through the strait of Juan de Fuca, and gets a view of Protection Island, said to be the only place in the United States, aside from the Willamette Valley, Oregon, where the Chinese pheasant is found. In clear weather Mts. Ranier, Baker and the Olympics can be seen from Camp Gardner. The soil here is very fertile, the water good and the climate ideal, the summers being cooler and the winters warmer than ours. The average summer temperature is from 60 to 79 degrees, while in winter it rarely goes lower than 20 degrees below zero.* The only rain during our stay was two light showers at night. Our enjoyable ten days here passed all too quickly and we left with the wish to some day wander back again.

CHAPTER VII

Exposition Sights, "Pay Streak," Eskimos, Iggorotes.

ON our return to Seattle from Gardner's Camp August 25, we had a splendid view of eight United States warships which were lying in the harbor. It was evening and the ships were brilliantly lighted and were throwing search lights far out in the sound. The next morning we did sight seeing by trolley and went out to Ballard, a twin city and now part of Seattle. Here we went through a shingle mill and watched with interest the manufacturing process from the time the logs were hauled up from the water until the finished shingles were packed and loaded on the cars. While waiting here for a street car we were pleasantly surprised to meet Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hanford of East Meredith, N. Y. They came by the Canadian Pacific, called "The World's greatest scenic highway" and expected to visit Yellowstone Park, returning.

Seattle is said to be built on seven hills like ancient Rome. It seemed to us there might be 70, but it is a most attractive city, with fine business blocks and neat residences surrounded by spacious, well-kept lawns, while shrubs and flowers, parks and fresh water lakes add to its beauty.

A high "totem pole," covered with curious, carved images occupies the center of Pioneer Square. It was brought from Alaska where the natives regard it as a charm to protect from evil. The population of the city since Ballard was annexed is 300,000. We entered the exposition grounds that afternoon by the lake entrance, which gave us a steep trolley ride, a walk through Leschi Park and a boat ride up Lake Washington, the shore of which was lined with quaint, pretty house boats.

The setting of the exposition ground is charming, in a rustic spot on the shore of Lake Washington, with snow capped Mt. Rainier and the Olympics in full view, and adjoining the university grounds. A number of the buildings, including the forestry, fine arts, Washington State, machinery hall, the auditorium and Arctic Brotherhood, will be permanent and will be the property of the university. Many of the counties of Washington have buildings and there are several State buildings, also the Canadian, Japanese, Swedish, Oriental, Hawaiian and other foreign buildings, besides the buildings on "Pay Streak" which corresponds to the "Pike" at St. Lewis, and the "Trail" at the Portland exposition. Banks of beautiful flowers line the walks and in the center of the grounds is a fountain and cascades. When the electric lights are on the

scene is like fairyland. The exposition is said to be a financial success. Up to August 28 the total attendance was 2,350,000. On the register in the New York building were the names of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Peck of Harpersfield, N. Y; date August 25.

The admission is 50 cents and the silver coin must be dropped by each person for himself in passing the gate. No bills or "two bits" will be accepted. Two bits, by the way, in Western dialect means "a quarter," with us. All through the Far West we noted the scarcity of "rag money," or bills, gold and silver coins being almost invariably given in change.

Lack of space forbids extensive mention of the fine exhibits in each building, characteristic of the sections represented. In the Alaska building was a beautiful panoramic picture, part earth and part painting, of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," on which the moon rose and disappeared again. There were big exhibits of furs, marble, copper and gold. A collection of gold ore, nuggets and "bricks" valued at \$1,500,000, round numbers, is enclosed by strong iron bars, and at night is lowered into a vault surrounded by live wires and closely guarded. Each of the six gold bricks weighs 155 pounds and is worth \$30,000. The largest nugget is valued at \$3609. An Alaska mink fur coat was marked \$1250. In the Canada building too were more exhibits of gold and minerals, marble and granite, asbestos also, of which Canada produces 90 per cent of the world's supply. Here we listened to an illustrated lecture by a Canadian who emphasized the fact that the Klondyke, the Yukon river and Dawson City are all located in Canada, not in Alaska. The wheat exhibit was a feature of the Canadian building and a printed slip stated that 13,109 homestead entries were made in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta during the first five months of 1909.

The State of Washington of course led in the number of exhibits and had splendid specimens of woods, ores, fish, vegetables, fruits, grains and flowers. The States of the Northwest generally displayed fruits and vegetables galore, especially "spuds" (potatoes) and apples. Some idea of the immense quantity and remarkable growth of the valuable timbers of the Northwest was given; of the cedars and firs of Washington and Oregon and the redwood of California. A hollow redwood stump from Santa Cruz county, California, formed a cabin about 12 feet in diameter and 9 or 10 feet high. The Forestry building, built of huge logs grown in Washington, was rustic and unique. Here we saw a "big stick," bigger than Roosevelt's. It was $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet square and 74 feet long. There was what one of our party called a "tooth pick," 18 inches square and $156\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, an inch board 54 feet wide,



Forestry Building, Seattle Exposition.

and a cedar log 9 feet in diameter. A hollow cedar stump, estimated to be 2500 years old, was 21 feet in diameter at its widest point.

The California building abounded in striking exhibits. Among them was a life size and life like elephant, made of English walnuts on a wire frame, a prune horse, an almond cow and fig tigers, mammoth ostrich feathers, precious stones, draperies of peanuts and specimens of the spineless cactus fruit. The register in this building is the largest book in the world; 32 by 35 inches, $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, weight 555 pounds. Oregon which produces annually \$17,000,000 worth of butter, had a model of the capitol in butter, also a life size model of a child drinking from a milk can. Utah had a model of an Indian village in the southern part of the State. In Machinery Hall and Manufacturers' building were all kinds of modern machinery, including an illustration of the Western method of logging with engines, rug weaving and darning machines and a computing machine which not only adds but subtracts and multiplies, also the Simonds circular saw, the largest saw in the world; diameter 130 inches; weight 1500 pounds. In the Mines building was a piece of granite from Snohomish county, Washington, 2 feet square, 17 feet long and weighing 11,000 pounds.

In addition to the beautiful paintings and statuary in the Fine Arts building we saw the Tiffany century vase, made for the Philadelphia exposition in 1876. It is of silver and

valued at \$30,000. In the Government building the exhibits from the dead letter office were the most curious imaginable, ranging in value from a pig's tail to a gold watch. In the Oriental building was the most beautiful statuary in pure white Italian marble, and marble fruits in natural colors. In the Philippine building were a Negrito thatched hut, a primitive bamboo cart with wooden wheels, a wooden cocoanut husker, other tools and weapons used by the natives, also bead work, the beautiful and dainty Pina cloth, made of pineapple fibre, and hats big as parasols woven of palm fibre. One of the most wonderful exhibits was in the Hawaii building. It was a large model, in cane sugar over a wire frame, of the territorial capitol at Honolulu, formerly the royal palace. The pillars and ornamental work were beautifully done in glistening sugar. We walked through the rooms and made sure the the walls were the real thing by tasting of them.

We heard a fine concert by the Tabernacle choir of Salt Lake, 95 male and 110 female voices, one evening in the auditorium and two other evenings were spent on "Pay Streak." Here we saw the well known Battle of Gettysburg, an immense panorama which has been exhibited in New York, the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac was another wonderful production by means of a painting and objects. A most realistic gunpowder battle was fought, and when night fell on the scene there was a thunder storm, the thunder, lightning and rain being so perfect as to call forth rounds of applause. The scene closed with several of the U. S. cruisers steaming majestically across the waters. The scenic railway made our hair rise, and a trip by boat on the Yukon river past characteristic Arctic scenes was novel and enjoyable.

We visited the Eskimo village and saw the different modes of life of the Siberian, the Alaskan and the Labrador Eskimaux. The Siberians live in skin huts, the Alaskans in snow houses, and the Labradorites build their winter homes of their canoes, re-enforced with skins. The dress and languages of the three tribes is entirely different, and they can understand each other no better than they can English speaking people. They are fairly intelligent and have been very kind to the Arctic explorers. Several Eskimaux gave a wonderful exhibition of their method of dancing. They "keep their feet down" and do the dancing with head and arms, keeping time to the music, or noise, of the "Tomtom," a sort of drum made of skin. One little six year old dancer, in response to the applause, convulsed the audience by throwing his head back and stroking his stomach most affectionately while he made a profound bow. The wolf-like Eskimo dogs were present and did stunts in drawing about the long sledges. Two men and a

girl displayed their skill with dog whips, whipping for coins which were placed on a stone at some distance. The girl was "Miss Columbia," who was born in Chicago during the world's fair, and whose mother, now at Seattle as an interpreter, has been interpreter for Peary on some of his Arctic expeditions. The Eskimo night shirt is a "sleeping bag" of seal skin, fur-lined inside and out and with a flap to throw over the face. There are no less than 27 varieties of seal skin and one of each was shown.

In striking contrast to the fur-clad Eskimos were the "Igorrotes," said to be the only tribe of the Filipinos who have not become at least partially civilized since the occupation of their country by the United States. In their village were 50 men, women and children. Their primitive huts and rude working utensils were shown. One man was cooking something in a kettle and in response to the inquiry of one of our party, said it was "dog" but we didn't wait for the dish to be served. The Igorrotes also executed a dance, accompanied by queer mumblings which they may have thought musical. They are short and quick-motioned, with copper colored complexion, black eyes and straight hair, worn long and done up on the back of their heads. Over the hair the men wore small, rush caps, not for protection but for carrying arrows and fishing apparatus. Their dress answers Kipling's description of that of "Gunga Din."

"The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
And rather less than 'alf of that behind,
For a twisty piece of rag
And a goat skin water bag
Was all the regimentals 'e could find."

These queer people occasionally have a "head hunt" when the head of an enemy is brought into the village and festivities follow.

There are many other catch penny attractions on Pay Streak but on account of our waning pocketbooks we dodged them.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Western Cities Grow. Farming in Willamette Valley.

SUNDAY, August 29, we spent in Seattle where we heard a rousing sermon by Rev. M. A. Matthews, D. D., the well known pastor of the First Presbyterian church there. He severely criticized the "new religion" advocated by ex-President Elliott of Harvard university. Every seat in the big church was filled and some people stood in the aisles. The organ with its echoing chimes is said to surpass in size, power and tone all organs west of New York city except one just like it in Los Angeles.

On August 30 we bade farewell to Seattle and went by steamer on Puget Sound to Tacoma where we spent a delightful afternoon sight seeing. Tacoma is a new and booming city, a little more than half as large as Seattle. Within its limits are building lots so recently cleared that stumps are standing upon them. The far sighted city fathers while the land was cheap, bought at Defiance Point a 600-acre tract of picturesque woodland and laid out one of the largest parks in the Northwest. We visited it and saw besides a fine collection of birds and animals a rarely beautiful display of flowers. Arbors of climbing roses in full bloom shaded the walks; and dahlias, carnations, phlox, sweet peas, nasturtiums, marigolds, hyacinths and other flowers blossomed all about us. Near the heart of the city we saw St. Peter's Episcopal church, a small building, but famous on account of the bell tower which is probably 1000 years old. The tower is a large, ivy covered cedar tree, cut off at a height of 50 or 60 feet.

Leaving Tacoma at 5:30 for Portland, Ore., we could for some time catch glimpses of snow-capped Mt. Rainier, looming up, cloud-like, through the smoke. Forest fires were burning in various parts of western Washington, there having been scarcely any rain there for several weeks. In fact on the entire trip we had use for our umbrellas only twice, once at Yellowstone Park and once at Seattle, and each time there was only a brief shower. In the twilight we sighted a few forest fires, one of which was raging fiercely with several men trying to control it. Near Portland we crossed the new railroad bridge over the Columbia, one of the largest bridges in the country and having a draw bridge for the passage of boats at each end. We also crossed the Willamette river.

Portland looks, and is, an older city than Seattle or Tacoma; having been founded in the forties. It took its name from Portland, Me., its two pioneer settlers, one of whom came from Portland, the other from Boston, having flipped a

coin to decide whether it should be called Portland or Boston. Portland won. The population is 250,000 and there are 2000 Chinese residents. The city has grown since the exposition in 1906 at the rate of 20,000 a year. It is 57 miles from the coast and is one of the principal wheat shipping points in the United States. On a morning walk we saw the only Japanese daily newspaper office in the State. An observation car trip about the beautiful city, with a guide to point out the places of interest, we found well worth taking. We passed the Portland hotel which occupies a whole block and is one of the finest in Northwest, the residence of ex-Senator Williams, Portland's "grand old man" now 86 years old, and the only living member of President Grant's cabinet; and also the exposition grounds. The Government, Forestry and other buildings are standing with some of the exhibits still there. We got out and went through the Forestry building which is even larger and as wonderful in architecture as the one at Seattle. Our car climbed to Portland Heights from whence we got a fine view of the city, then on to Council Crest where a wonderful panorama of river, mountains and valleys stretched about us. The vast, fertile Tualatin valley was below, and on a clear day four snow covered mountains, Rainer, St. Helens, Adams and Hood, are visible also 21 counties in the two States, Oregon and Washington. This superb view is obtained only three and a half miles from the heart of the city. Portland is rightly called "the city of roses," for they were blooming on nearly every lawn in wonderful beauty and profusion, some lawns separated by hedges of them mostly the La France, though other varieties were seen.

After a night and a day in Portland, we left the Northern Pacific railroad which we had traveled on from Minneapolis, and journeyed south on the Southern Pacific, following the winding, wooded banks of the Willamette for some distance. We passed level green fields, orchards and hop yards, interspersed with fir and cedar forests. Hops here are trained on wire instead of poles. They are worth 20c a pound this year and we were told that there is good money in Oregon hops at 8c. The route was through Salem, where we saw the capitol building and State fair grounds; through Chemawa where close to the track were the buildings of the Chemawa Indian Training School, one of the largest in the country; and through Albany, named for Albany, N. Y., and the seat of a State Normal school.

We left the train at Shedd's, a small station in the midst of a 25 mile stretch of track, without a curve, cut or fill. A moonlight ride of five miles, in the "double carriage" brought us to the pleasant home of a cousin, Mrs. Maggie Riggs Mc-

Farland. The day we spent here was our first on a farm in the West and we noted many new and interesting conditions. Here the land is level and absolutely stoneless, lying in the fertile Willamette valley. Strips of black soil alternate with white, often in the same field. The white is better for grass, but wheat will not mature upon it, and the black is better for all grains. No fertilizer is used except a little land plaster and irrigation is not necessary. In fact some farmers have their land tiled to drain it after the heavy winter rains. There are few springs and small streams and most farmers have driven wells operated by windmills which supply good soft water for family use and for the stock. Not much land is given to pasturage. At \$40 an acre it is considered too valuable, and most of it is under cultivation or in orchards. The dairies in the immediate locality are small. Butter-fat was 34c and registered Jerseys are being introduced to some extent.

There are fewer fir and cedar trees than further North, but shapely oaks are numerous and upon them the highly prized mistletoe grows as a parasite. It is green in the winter, at this season only a dried up vine. There are many prune orchards and here for the first we ate fresh prunes. They taste like plums, only sweeter. One of the best paying crops is vetch, which belongs to the pea family. The green vine makes excellent fodder, but usually it is allowed to ripen, the small black peas are threshed out and sold to California fruit growers at 4c a pound. One man near Shedd's raised this year \$1000 worth of seeds on 50 acres. They make the best fruit fertilizer, being sowed in the orchards and plowed under while green. Kale, a species of cabbage, is largely raised for fodder. It grows to a height of three or four feet but has not much head. It is left standing and pulled as needed during the winter. The winters are mild. Barns are loosely built and few houses have cellars.

The evergreen blackberry flourishes here. The fruit is like our blackberries only sourer, and the leaves are green all winter. One of the worst weeds that spreads among grain and other crops is the bachelor button. It was first brought by a lady from the East. The soil seems just suited and it has become a real pest. Another bad weed is the tar weed, with tiny yellow blossoms and a sticky leaf which stains black. Potato bugs and cabbage worms are not residents here and there are few damaging insects. The beautiful china pheasants which were liberated only on Protection Island in Discovery Bay, and in Western Oregon are found here. The above description of course refers only to that part of the Willamette valley we visited, not to the entire State of Oregon.

CHAPTER IX

The Shasta Route and "City of a Hundred Hills."

FROM Shedd's, Ore., we could get only local trains, so on the evening of September 1, we went as far as Eugene and staid over night, securing a faster train. Eugene is a university town of 10,000 population, a fine well kept city. At 6 a. m. we were on the jog again and that morning rode through immense orchards--apples, pears, peaches and prunes--in some of which the fruit was being gathered. In prune orchards the ground is first rolled smooth, then the fruit shaken off. We passed wooded foot hills, lumber camps and saw mills. Later the road wound through many cuts and tunnels up the pretty Cow creek ravine.

Having breakfasted early, hunger drove us toward the dining car and for more than an hour we waited in line for our rich morsel—for on a Southern Pacific diner you pay a dollar for 15 cents worth of food, plus finger bowls. Our afternoon ride was along the rich and scenic Rogue river valley, past Table Rock, an immense, square, flat rock, at considerable elevation above the stream. We stopped at Ashland over night in order to see the famous Shasta route by daylight, and were fortunate in securing rooms at The Oregon, a large new hotel, where growing on the lawn were the first palms we had seen. By the Ashland station was a very attractive booth devoted to the exhibition of the fruits, grains, minerals and other products of the vicinity. These advertising booths were seen at many railroad stations in the Far West. Westerners are certainly great advertisers. They are most optimistic and delight in telling tourists of the resources and prospects of their country.

Ashland has 6000 inhabitants and is called the Park City, a name to which by reason of its green lawns, semi-tropical shrubbery, flowers and fruit trees, it is well entitled. Mt. Ashland, a snow-capped peak of the Cascades, is visible, 12 miles distant. In fact the valley seems inclosed by mountain peaks. Not far off are mineral springs of medicinal value which may make the town famous. The county already holds the blue ribbon on peaches, won at the Portland State fair. Here we ate our first peaches fresh from the trees which were so heavily loaded that some of them had to be propped.

Leaving Ashland at noon, September 3, the picturesque scenery of the Siskiyou of the cascade range reminded us of the view along the O. & W. below Rock Rift, N. Y. The road curved bewilderingly, following the intricate windings of a mountain stream. At many points we could see both ends of

the train from our window. At one time three sections of the track were visible, and we waved to the first section of our train, probably two miles in advance of us, but not more than a quarter of a mile distant. The country became more level as we neared California and soon after we entered that State we sighted Mt. Shasta, standing comparatively alone, in state-ly grandeur. From about 2:30 until 6 p. m. we rode in sight of the mountain, seemingly nearly encircling it and viewing it from various points. We were near enough to note the "timber line" above which there is no vegetation, only glaciers and perpetual snow. The day was intensely hot, yet along the Shasta route cool breezes from the icy mountain came through the open windows. Shasta is over 14,000 feet high and the only other mountain of much size near it is "Black Butte," a peak not high enough to be snow-capped, yet apparently devoid of verdure and of a brownish black color, as viewed from a distance. Both mountains seem to rise abruptly up from the plain.



Mt. Shasta.

As Shasta and Black Butte passed from sight, we descended a rocky wooded canyon, grand in scenery and the source of the Sacramento river. We rounded the horse-shoe loop and a few minutes later were at the Shasta falls and spring. The train stopped ten minutes to give the passengers a chance to taste the water. It is somewhat like soda, or apollinaris water. A little further on we passed several small falls, among them the pretty Moss Falls which seem to flow out of a bed of moss.

We passed the night on the train and the next morning rode over rich, level land, past acres of grain and sugar beets and herds of horses, sheep and cattle. At Sacramento we noted the capitol, of light stone, and as we journeyed south observed an increasing number of tropical trees and flowers. At Oakland the train was run aboard an immense boat in sections, and taken across an arm of the Bay to San Francisco.

We spent two days sight seeing at "Frisco," taking the observation car trip, besides walks and trolley rides. The city, called "City of a hundred hills," is less than 60 years old and has 500,000 inhabitants, including several thousand Chinese and Japanese. "Sing Fat" has a wonderful store in Chinatown, as has also "Sing Chong." The Chinese quarters were entirely destroyed by the earthquake and fire of 1906 but has been rebuilt on a finer scale. That dreadful disaster wiped out 488 blocks and cost the city from 12 to 15 million dollars. Only four buildings in sight from the station were left standing and those were badly damaged. Part of the city, in the locality of the ferry, is "made ground" having been filled in over the Bay. At Von Ness avenue, or Broadway, a wide street, the fire was checked, the shifting of the wind aiding in controlling it. Beyond there the city is called "Old San Francisco," being practically unchanged since the fire. The rapidity with which the stricken city has rallied is truly wonderful. Much of the ruined part has been replaced by buildings more costly and substantial than those destroyed and much building is still in progress. After riding about the city we could scarcely realize that such a calamity had so recently befallen it, but walking through the earthquake section we noted many broken, blackened walls and piles of debris. The uneven surface of the paved streets also gave evidence of the upheaval.

On our trip to the famous Cliff House we passed Golden Gate park, containing 1013 acres, and saw the small refugee houses where were sheltered those whom the earthquake rendered homeless. An ocean fog prevented a satisfactory view of Golden Gate but from the Cliff House we watched the seals come up out of the water and tumble about upon the rocks and were fascinated at sight of the mighty Pacific ocean. The huge waves, gathering strength as they advance, break upon the rocks with a thunderous roar, throwing clouds of spray high in the air. Near the Cliff House are the Adolph Sutro gardens, a sort of private park which the public may enjoy but not despoil. It is beautifully laid out, with walks, flowers, trees and statuary. Among the fine residences, we viewed the palatial red stone mansions of the millionaire sugar men, Spreckels & Son. The attractive Metropolitan Life building,

just completed, was dedicated the first day we were there. It is located on a commanding site, near the Fairmont, San Francisco's largest hotel.

We never can think of Frisco weather without a shiver. "Old Sol" may have gone to meet Cook or Peary. Anyhow he didn't show his face during our stay. The morning mists were gray, the clouds hung heavy all day and the wind nearly blew us away. Each morning we were sure it would rain, but it didn't. The natives who were wise to the weather left their umbrellas at home and looked comfortable with thick coats and furs. We were told there is little difference between the summer and winter temperature in San Francisco, but winter is the rainy season. Between the rainy season and the cloudy season we came away wondering when Frisco gets any sunshine.

CHAPTER X

Beautiful California Cities, The Ostrich Farm, Santa Catalina.

PURELY by accident we got a glimpse of the pretty little city of San Jose. Having been told by train officials that our "all wool and a yard wide" tickets would not have to be validated until we reached Los Angeles, we gave ourselves no uneasiness on that score at San Francisco, but reaching the station there on the morning of September 6, bound for Los Angeles, we learned that at this, the terminal point of our trip, the tickets must be validated. The delay thus occasioned caused us to miss the through train so we took the first local train to San Jose and spent the day.

We arrived just in time to see the Labor Day parade and judged, by the long procession of well built, uniformed men, that labor is king in San Jose, and that labor organizations are in style. We strolled through the beautiful grounds of Vendome hotel and photographed some of the luxuriant palms, then took a trolley ride out to Alum Rock park and canyon, 500 acres owned by the city. Enroute we passed meteor rock, a large, dark rock, so different in formation from the others in the locality that many suppose it is a meteor. The trolley track ran through peach orchards and an immense olive orchard. The park was a most interesting place, being a flower and tree covered plain, shut in by almost perpendicular banks. Mineral waters were gushing from the rocks at various points, and in one place were three faucets yielding respectively soda, iron and sulphur water. There was a strong odor of mineral



Vendome Hotel Grounds, San Jose, Calif.

water, and about one soda spring the rocks were coated with a white powder. We tasted it and decided that it had "lightning" enough in it to raise biscuits.

San Jose is notably a city of palms. It was already gayly decorated in preparation for the celebration held there September 9, the anniversary of the admission of California as a State. The sunshine and warmth at San Jose contrasted favorably with the chilly fogs of San Francisco, which was the only place in California where we found the weather other than warm and sunny. Leaving San Jose toward evening we sighted the noted Lick observatory, passed the residence of Senator Hayes and saw at some distance the second largest quicksilver mine in the world. We rode by vineyards and peach and olive orchards galore. The green olives, a fellow traveler told us, are only good for green Easterners to eat.

That night we spent on the train. A troupe of distinguished snorers was aboard and instead of "Sing me to Sleep" they rendered "Snore me Awake," and awake we were while their program lasted. We missed some good mountain scenery during the night, but daylight found us near Santa Barbara, and below there the steep, jagged mountains on our left, with the surging ocean breakers on our right made a picture never to be forgotten. From there to Los Angeles, plains and mountains alternated, making a delightful diversified picture.

Los Angeles has a population of 300,000. Although a

popular tourists' resort, it impressed us as being a most "livable" city. Rooms and board were cheaper than we had found them elsewhere, even in small towns. At many of the popular restaurants fifteen cents would buy a good dinner, including soup, meat, fish or eggs, vegetables, bread and butter, tea or coffee and dessert. Fine grapes were in the markets at five cents for two pounds, and other fruits proportionately cheap. At the Brownstone hotel where we stopped we were surprised to meet a lady and gentleman who were touring California, and had happened to be our traveling companions most of the way down the State. They are Texans, Warwick Sanderson and sister, Miss Phalba, and have a 3000 acre ranch, much of which is devoted to cotton culture. During the harvest they employ about half a hundred Mexicans.

A number of former Waltonians are residing either in Los Angeles or its twin city, Pasadena, among them John Berry, Seymour Fitch, Prof. Rufus McClenon, E. C. Seeley and family, Rev. C. C. Pierce, Charles Houck, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bagley and son, Howard, Mr. and Mrs. George Webster, Mrs. Nettie Burke. We called on the Seeley family and found them happy and prosperous. Mr. Seeley and his son are running a grocery, and his daughter, Bessie, has a good position as exchange clerk in a Los Angeles department store, where Mrs. George Webster is also employed. The hearty welcome given us had in it nothing of homesickness, and the family have no desire to go "back east" to live. We looked up and were most cordially greeted by Mrs. Pallady, grandmother of H. M. Pallady of Davenport, N. Y. She and her two daughters have an attractive home in one of the desirable residence portions of the city. In her grounds we saw the palm, magnolia, Japanese persimmon, orange, lemon and fig trees and sampled two varieties of figs.

Between Los Angeles and Pasadena we visited the Cawston ostrich farm, where there are 150 birds ranging in size from three day old chicks, as large as a full grown partridge, to strapping eight-footers whose kick would put a man out of business. The proprietor has a larger farm at San Jacinto where 1000 birds are kept. When we arrived the keeper was giving them their breakfast of chopped alfalfa and oranges. The latter they bolt down whole and the slow descent of the fruit down the birds' snake-like necks can be watched. The average length of life of the ostrich is 65 years, some live to be 100. The birds are all a dull brownish color when hatched but after fourteen months the feathers of the male grow darker. The average weight of a full grown bird is 280 pounds. The young birds all occupy one yard until they choose a mate, which is usually at the age of four years.

They mate for life and each couple is then set up in "house-keeping" in a yard by themselves. After laying 15 eggs setting is begun. The male bird sets two-thirds of the time—"does two-thirds of the work like all the men," so the guide told us. The eggs hatch in 40 days. Some incubators are used. Some of the couples have notable names. There are President and Mrs. Taft, Col. and Mrs. Roosevelt, George and Martha Washington, Napoieon and Josephine, Major and Mrs. McKinley. Mrs. McKinley was not visible but the guide pointed her out in an obscure corner on the nest. He said "McKinley killed his first wife because she wouldn't set." Our attention was directed to one lone bird, "Carrie Nation," that "wouldn't mate with anybody." The birds show no affection for any person and some of them are vicious and will attack by kicking, anyone entering their yards. If opportunity offers they will pick off a gold watch or pin and swallow it with as much apparent relish as they do oranges. The weight of the ostrich egg is $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 pounds. At the store and warehouse are thousands of dollars worth of plumes which go through 13 processes from bird to market. Each bird is plucked once in nine months. All the curling is done by hand.

Pasadena, population about 30,000, is without exception the most beautiful city we saw on our entire trip, and is the home of many wealthy and noted people, among them Mrs. James A. Garfield, Robert J. Burdette, J. Willis Baer, Mrs. G. Washington Childs, wife of Editor Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger. Busch, the St. Louis millionaire brewer, has a palatial home here and sunken gardens. Here too, we saw the vine-covered rustic building in which Helen Hunt Jackson wrote much of "Ramona." The Green and the Raymond, winter hotels, are imposing buildings, having parks and beautiful flowers. The architecture of Pasadena homes is wonderfully diversified to meet the cultivated tastes of the wealthy globe-trotters who have found that as a residence city Pasadena beats the world. Side by side are Queen Ann, Greek, Old English, French, Colonial, Swiss, Dutch and Southern houses.

Through the courtesy of Dr. J. E. Janes, a former Chenango county, N. Y., man, we enjoyed a drive all through the residence section. The entire city seems one immense park, and here in the fullest degree are exemplified the tropical trees, shrubs and flowers characteristic of California. The Eucalyptus trees, which shed their bark instead of their leaves, grow very rapidly and are valuable for timber and fuel. We saw one which was planted from the seed in 1876, now 20 feet in circumference at the base. In 1909 forty thousand acres of these trees were planted in California. The pepper tree is

most ornamental, having fern-like leaves and berries which are all that the name implies. The jagorandi tree has foliage slightly resembling the pepper tree, and beautiful purple flowers. Here are found, too, the live oak, rubber, camphor and many varieties of palms. Green bay trees flourish as in Scripture times. Some species of cactus attain the height of a tree; a curious tree is the "monkey puzzler," a sort of evergreen resembling a hemlock and said to be the only tree that monkeys cannot climb. Oleander trees, some with red, some with white blossoms, grow luxuriantly, also the hybiscus, a tree-shrub with rose red or scarlet blossoms. The crepe myrtle is a beautiful shrub with dull-red feathery blossoms. One of the strangest plants is the philodendron which bears "bread fruit" somewhat like an ear of corn, yellow when ripe and good to eat. Over-running many porches is the bright purplish-red Bouganville. The plumbago is another porch vine with blue flowers. Bananas grow here but do not reach perfection in taste. We saw a long stalk of the partially ripened fruit with the large dull-red blossom at the end. Many walks were bordered with red and yellow lantanas. The yucca, or Spanish bayonet, has a white flower, also the pampas grass, the long, feathery blossom of which resembles an ostrich plume. At the home of Dr. Janes we ate delicious oranges right from the trees and saw, besides many of the trees already mentioned, the pomegranate and the sweet-scented lemon verbena.

From Pasadena we took the scenic trip up Mt. Lowe, a granite mountain 6100 feet high and sparsely covered with trees and fernery. The ascent is made first by trolley, then by cable car for 3000 feet over a 62 per cent grade, then by trolley again to the rustic mountain-house near the summit. During the ascent the view was superb. Los Angeles and Pasadena with big stretches of valley lay far beneath us, above and below curving sections of our track could be seen, and about us were yawning chasms and wild mountain peaks. From Inspiration Point, beyond the mountain house, the ocean was visible. On the trolley ride back to Los Angeles we passed Oneonta park, the property of a millionaire, Charles N. Huntington, and named for Oneonta, N. Y., his former home. We were told that over forty millionaires reside in Pasadena.

There are many popular beaches out from Los Angeles—Venice, fashioned after Italy's canal city; Long Beach, Moonstone Beach, where many moon-stones are washed ashore; and Santa Catalina Island. We took the latter trip, going by trolley to San Pedro, from there by steamer to Avalon, the landing. The two hours ride on the heaving bosom of the Pacific caused some of the passengers to heave up their breakfast, but



Sugar-Loaf Rocks at Catalina Island, Pacific Ocean.

we didn't follow the fashion in this respect. The island is rocky and mountainous, 22 miles long and 7 wide. Near the landing the two immense "sugarloaf" rocks rise out of the water. Divers were giving exhibitions of their skill and never failed to recover the coin thrown into the water by steamer passengers. Bathing costumes were for rent and some tourists were soon "in the swim." A trip in the glass-bottomed boat over the submarine gardens, the largest and finest in the world, was most novel and enjoyable. The crystal-clear water showed all the wonders of the deep—blue, gold and spotted fishes, rainbow-hued abalone shells, shoals of "uncanned sardines," sea urchins, sea cucumbers, sea grass which the guide called "alfalfa," a curious large-leaved plant with white berries, water evergreens and fern-like plants with a dainty purple flower. Scarcely had we returned from Catalina when "Captain Ed" gave the word, "Forward march," and we reluctantly left our half-eaten dinner, threw our belongings into a suit case and made our inglorious flight from Los Angeles via the San Pedro and Salt Lake Railway. A bag of sea shells and precious (?) stones from Catalina sprung a leak and souvenirs marked our trail.

CHAPTER XI

The Big California-Nevada Desert and Utah's Metropolis Described.

OUR hurried exit from Los Angeles on the evening of September 10 was followed by a night on the cars during which we passed through Riverside and San Bernardino, besides several smaller towns. We regretted not having a daylight view of beautiful Riverside and the noted orange groves of that locality. Daylight found us in a strange region, the hot, sandy desert which begins in Southeastern California and extends through the part of Nevada which we traversed. Not a tree nor a blade of grass was to be seen, only the sand—so white that it dazzled the eyes—and in the distance the bare, sandy foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. There was no sign of animal or human life and it was a relief to see a solitary crow flying overhead. A little further on the desert was dotted with low shrubs and we entered another cactus belt. We had passed one during the night. This hardy plant requires scarcely any moisture, and though in its natural state it is valueless as fodder, a new variety, the spineless cactus, has been propagated by the famous plant magician, Burbank, which makes excellent feed for cattle. The spineless cactus may at an early date be grown upon the Nevada desert and



Cactus and Sage Brush in Desert of South-Eastern California.



Jean, a Nevada Mining Town.

with the help of artesian wells, the region be transformed into a valuable cattle range. The curious varieties of wild cactus excited our wonder and admiration. Some of the tree cactuses are ten or twelve feet high and very diversified in shape. The palm cactus, a high shrub, has leaves resembling a palm. Another species grows in a clump and has a long narrow pointed leaf. Strangest of all is the globe cactus, a green ball, large as one's head and covered with needle-like prickles. It grows without visible stalk, close to the sand.

We saw no river, not even a small stream, during our ride that morning, and the development of that part of the desert by irrigating seems impossible. Mining is about the only industry, and in the mountains, which were higher as we advanced, we noted much of the red soil and rock which is said to indicate mineral deposits. We also saw mines in the distance and miners' huts at distant intervals. Nevada is rich in gold, silver and copper ores and many of its mines are as yet entirely undeveloped. The population, we were told, is the smallest per square mile of any State. We passed no town of any size that day except Las Vegas, located in the mining section, and having a fine depot and lunch room, a church, store and two hotels. The buildings are mostly of concrete or brick. From some source water for irrigating is obtained and we saw two or three green lawns with flowers and an umbrella tree. We left the train for a few minutes and found the sun's rays desperately hot. There was scarcely the suggestion of a breeze. Here as at all stations on the lines of the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific the building was draped in black on account of the recent death of the railroad magnate, E. H.

Harriman. At a small station beyond Las Vegas we were surprised to see venders of cantaloupes, or musk melons. The price was two for a nickel, and they were worth eating, though how the fruit could be grown on this thirsty soil was a puzzle. In the dining car passengers are taxed 20c for half a cantaloupe and as may be imagined the sellers did a land office business while the train waited.

Toward noon we struck the trail of an emaciated stream and followed its windings all the afternoon. It grew larger further on and led us directly among the Sierra Nevadas whose barren peaks we had sighted from the desert plains. The beautiful colorings and fantastic shapes of the high rocky banks made a scene of ever varying charm and gave the name, "Rainbow Canyon," to this picturesque region. We passed a U. S. weather bureau and at Caliente, Nev., set our watches an hour ahead, changing from Western to Mountain time. During the canyon trip we went through several tunnels and at one point almost turned a circle. Late in the afternoon more trees and vegetation were seen and a few small cattle farms were passed.

We entered Utah during the night and awoke Sunday morning in view of the great Salt Lake. In decided contrast to Nevada weather, a cold rain had fallen in the valleys here, the mountain peaks were white with fresh snow and the air was chilly. Early that morning we left the train at Salt Lake City, having made the trip from Los Angeles, 781 miles in less than 36 hours. As most of our fellow passengers were also ticketed through we made several pleasant acquaintances, who like the majority of western people whom we met seemed to delight in showing courtesy and doing kindnesses, and it was with regret that we took leave at Salt Lake of our friends of only a day.

Salt Lake City, the heart of Mormonism, has a population of 75,000 and possesses a striking individuality, noticeable in the unique architecture, the unusually broad streets, some of them with double driveways having a grass plot through the center on which were trees and telephone poles; irrigation ditches which run along both sides of the streets, and the multitude of tall slender poplar trees that border the walks. These trees, evidently special favorites with the Mormons, were seen along the highways all through Utah. The city was founded about 1847 by Brigham Young and his followers. Besides the noted temple, tabernacle and assembly hall, all inclosed by a high cement wall, other Mormon buildings are the Zion Savings Bank, Zion Co-operative Mercantile Co. buildings, Salt Lake theatre, the Lion house and Bee-hive house built by Brigham as residences for his bevy of wives.

and the Gardo House which he built for social functions. The Brigham Young monument stands among these buildings, and a little way off on a side street we visited his tomb. In no western city did we note such strict observance of the Sabbath as in Salt Lake. A man could not get a shave, and a woman could not buy souvenir postals, except among the Gentiles.

With other tourists we were conducted through the temple grounds by an intelligent, fluent, courteous and faultlessly attired "Latter Day Saint." At the Assembly Hall, used for conferences, etc., a company were partaking of the sacrament. The temple, an imposing building of light granite with six towers, on the highest of which stands a golden figure of the angel Mormon, is used only for baptisms, marriages and vicarious work, and is never entered by a Gentile. The corner stone was laid in 1853 and the building, completed 40 years after, dedicated April 6, 1893. The material, entirely Utah granite, was hauled for miles by ox teams, there being no railroad until 1871. The population of the entire State in 1853 was but 1500. The temple cost \$4,000,000 and was paid for entirely by free will offerings. The tabernacle is a circular wooden building 235 feet long, not quite as wide and 90 feet high. The dome roof has no support but the 48 huge, red sand-stone pillars, and the short rafters which compose its foundation are held together with strips of raw-hide, fastened by oak pins, nails in those days being \$100 a keg in Utah. The original shingled roof when worn out was replaced by slate and later by the present sheet iron, the rafters unchanged. With the large gallery the entire seating capacity is 10,000. There are 20 double doors and the building can be vacated in four minutes. It was designed by Brigham Young as was also the temple. There is but one other building of its architecture as large as the tabernacle, viz, an assembly hall at Ocean Grove which was patterned after it. The big pipe organ was for some time the largest in the world and is claimed to have the finest tone. The acoustics of the building are said to be perfect. From the gallery we heard distinctly the drop of a pin on the railing opposite, 185 feet away, and a whisper at that distance was also plainly heard.

That afternoon we worshiped (?) in the tabernacle and heard the grand organ accompanying a chorus of 200 voices, probably. There are 500 in the choir but not all were present. The congregation, numbering perhaps 4000, was, we judged, largely made up of tourists. A lengthy discourse was delivered by one of the elders whose theme was the gathering together of the nations into the church of "The Latter Day Saints" on the western hemisphere. His view of the future of Mormonism is more optimistic than that of non-Mormon

residents of Salt Lake City who say that not all the rising generation are sound in the faith and that the Church is losing ground. Our guide, however, had told us that missionaries are working and converts being made all over the United States as well as abroad. The entire membership, he stated, is about 500,000. It was news to us that this religion originated in Manchester, N. Y., where in 1830 the first president, Joseph Smith, is said to have received a visit from the angel Mormon who delivered to him two golden plates, inscribed in Hebrew. This inscription was translated and forms the book of Mormon which Latter Day Saints accept as the inspired record for the western continent, holding it as sacred as the bible which they also accept. One of the tourists, whose curiosity evidently exceeded his belief, inquired for the golden plates and was courteously informed that they were returned to the messenger who brought them. Smith and his followers removed from New York to the middle West and from there on account of persecutions to Utah where they were the pioneer settlers.

They made "the desert to blossom as the rose" and with them originated irrigation which has done such wonders in developing the West. In agriculture, mining, architecture and commerce they have been leaders, and while disapproving their religion we must give them credit for having accomplished much. The present president, Joseph F. Smith, is the sixth president, and a nephew of Joseph Smith, the founder. The presidency, we were told, is determined by revelation. The Mormons have no pastors but their elders conduct the services gratuitously, and "as the spirit moves" them. All good Mormons partake of the sacrament every Sunday and give a tenth of their incomes for the support and extension of the Church and the care of the poor. This tithing system pays all expenses. No taxes, seat rents or other donations are requested.

That afternoon we wandered through the park surrounding the capitol. The building is of stone, handsome and substantial, and is used both for State and county purposes. A new State capitol is soon to be built. A trolley ride through a pretty residence section of the city brought us to the home of Prof. Byron Cummings, whose wife, formerly Miss Belle MacLaury, visited her aunts in Delhi, N. Y., about a year ago. Prof. Cummings and son were in Arizona on an archeological tour and soon the family will probably be on their way to Germany where the professor will for a year continue his researches.

CHAPTER XII

Wyoming Plains, Dry Farming, Mining and Stock Raising. The Attractions of Denver.

AS the Sabbath sun was setting on September 12 we left Salt Lake and were soon speeding northward on the Union Pacific. On our right were numerous farm houses and long avenues of the poplar trees characteristic of Utah, on our left the great, briny lake, now golden in color from the reflection of the sunset sky. Great Salt Lake is 70 miles long, 30 wide and has an area of 1600 square miles. It is 4000 feet above sea level. The existence of an isolated body of salt water at such an elevation is a puzzle to geologists. It has many picturesque islands and is a popular resort for tourists and health seekers. The water is 26 per cent salt and has the wonderful quality of sustaining the human body in any position. Timorous bathers can there enjoy the sport without fear of sinking. The only danger is that they may strangle by getting salt water in their mouths. They cannot drown.

We reached Ogden, Utah's second largest city, population about 15,000, soon after dark, crossed the State line during the night and at daybreak looked out upon the vast, treeless plains of Wyoming. Our ride that day was among the tamest kind of scenery, plains and plains that stretched away in wearisome monotony. There were no towns of any size, and only now and then a stray rancher's abode. The buildings were small and crude and though the land looked fairly fertile little of it was under cultivation. Everything betokened a new and undeveloped country and in Wyoming more than in any other State we visited did the term, "Wild and woolly West," seem appropriate. We saw thousands of sheep and big herds of cattle and horses. The cattle were mainly of the Hereford breed, dark red with white faces. They are hardy enough to winter well unsheltered on the plains. They make the best of beef cattle but are not counted good for dairying purposes. Dairying, however, is not one of Wyoming's industries. Stock raising and mining are the principal occupations, and have proved lucrative, as many citizens who twenty years ago were pioneers there are now on "Easy Street." Those who have become rich by sheep raising are called "muttonaires" instead of millionaires.

We passed two or three prairie schooners which seemed to be fitted up for housekeeping, but whether the temporary abode of ranchers or of a moving colony we could not say. On the Laramie river, whose water has been utilized for irrigation, a

new town, Bosler, has sprung up as by magic. Ten months ago there was not a house except the station, now there is quite a settlement. A wide-awake Westerner who got on the train at Bosler, told for a fact that oats raised there this year grew three and a half inches, by actual measurement, in one night. He explained, however, that it was at the sprouting stage when the grain shoots from the ground and grows faster than at any other time. He thinks Wyoming has great prospects as an agricultural State. Between Laramie and Cheyenne the scenery was more attractive, due to the peculiar red sand stone formations. The red rocks, some of them circular in form and supported on pillars of rock, bore some resemblance to the wonderful rocks which we saw later in the Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs.

We left the train that afternoon at Cheyenne and explored that town, noting among its handsome buildings the Union Pacific station, built of red stone, the Carnegie library and the State Capitol, the latter of white granite. We climbed to the dome of the capitol and there got a fine view of the city and of the plains for miles in every direction, also of Fort Russell, a village in itself. Two thousand soldiers are now stationed there, including infantry, cavalry and artillerymen. Cheyenne, the largest city in the State, claims a population of 17,000, though to us it looked "small for its size." Its elevation is 6000 feet and the weather, while we were there at least, was cool enough to do credit to so high an altitude. We visited the State museum and the exhibits of wool, grains and minerals surprised us as to the resources of Wyoming. It is first in the production of wool and iron.

Tuesday morning we started on a side trip over the Colorado & Southern R. R. to Orin Junction, where we changed to the Chicago & Northwestern, a four cent road, arriving at Lusk, in the eastern part of the State, after a ride of 200 miles. The scenery was more varied than the day before. The plains alternated with rocks and mountains and we followed for some distance the North Platte river which wound through a great rocky canyon. The walls were steep and straight and beautifully colored, gray and red. Much of the rock in the locality is red, especially near the Iron Mountain station where some wonderful striped rocks were seen. The soil, too, is red, indicating the presence of much iron. At Ironton a branch road leads out to vast iron mines. Some snow breaks were seen but not such long stretches of them as we had observed the day before along the Union Pacific. At "Chug Water" we inquired the significance of the name of the station and were told that in the early days the Indians used to chase buffaloes onto a ledge of rocks above the stream and drive

them off "Kerchug." There is still quite a percentage of Indians among Wyoming's population. A number of the early settlers got title to their land by marrying Indian wives.

On this route we passed through Wheatland, a new and booming town, overlooked by snow-clad Mt. Laramie, 40 miles distant. It is rightly named for all about stretched the finest of wheat fields. Irrigation did it. Wheatland's irrigation reservoir is the largest in operation in America, covering 6640 acres. A representative of the Wheatland Industrial Co. distributed circulars on the train. From these we gathered that 10,000 acres there are open for entry under the Carey Act, at the rate of \$586.55 for 80 acres. Most of this is for water, only a nominal price being paid for the land. We again saw big herds of horses, cattle and sheep and witnessed the novel sights of a "round up" of cattle and one of horses. The cow-boys are fearless riders and are evidently in their element when corralling stock. They are picturesque figures in their broad-brimmed soft hats, flowing ties and negligee costumes. One wore "shaps" or leather trousers, made from Angora goat skin with the wool left on the front half of each leg.

We spent three and a half days in the "city" of Lusk and several times committed the misdemeanor of calling it "the village." The population, with possibly a little padding, is 500, though when it was first incorporated as a city in 1886, it had but 150 people, the number necessary in Wyoming to secure a city charter. Lusk has two churches, a bank, a hotel, graded school, various stores, two doctors but no lawyer. Unlike some Western towns it has a cemetery, not very populous however. At Uva, Wyo., during a period of five years there were but two burials, one of them a man killed by a bear, the other a boy bitten by a rattlesnake. The high, dry air of this locality, with the sunshine, make it very healthful, and a native remarked, "People don't die here. They just dry up and blow away." Here they have 65 per cent of the possible sunshine while New York State is said to have but 14 per cent.

"Dry farming" is being introduced in this and other parts of Wyoming with good results. This is the system of hoarding the moisture in the soil by deep plowing, eight or nine inches, and scientific cultivating, crops being raised from the same land every other year. While one portion of the farm is producing another part is undergoing a system of fallowing and tilling preparatory for use the next year. There is much Homestead land in this State. To secure a 160-acre Homestead one must build upon it, cultivate a certain portion and occupy it for five years; or by paying \$1.25 per acre and living on it for 14 successive months the title may be gained. Should a mine be discovered on a Homesteader's farm the

finder can hold the land, or at least that part of it where the mine is located, with right of way to and from it. In this part of Wyoming some cottonwood trees are found, but mainly it seems almost a treeless State and as yet but little fruit of any kind is grown there. All fruit is high, grapes at Lusk being forty cents a basket. Mrs. Frank Deuel whose guests we were while at Lusk, boasted, however, that she had fruit in her garden. Investigation revealed that the fruit consisted of two crab apples and a handful of currants. Mrs. Deuel will be remembered by a number of Delaware county people as Miss Belle Riggs of Deposit. Some time ago she taught at North Kortright, going West soon after, and teaching first in Colorado, then in Wyoming where she took up government land adjoining her brother's claim. This she afterwards sold and since her marriage has resided in Lusk, her husband having mining interests in that locality.

Woman are permitted to vote in Wyoming on all questions, having equal right of franchise with men. They are eligible for office, but few enter the field. The law allows women to act independently in business transactions and a wife can transfer any property owned by her without saying to her husband, "By your leave." The same "Women's Rights" laws, we were told, exist also in Colorado and a few other Western States. About 14 miles from Lusk a new town, Jireh, has been laid out. The name means, "The Lord will provide." The founders, an intelligent and educated class, came from Indiana and Ohio, attracted by the healthfulness of the place. Their rough, scattered ranch houses bear no resemblance to a city, though plans are already on foot to build a college and start other business enterprises. The present population of Wyoming is only about one person for each square mile, but the government land is fast being occupied and the State will probably be peopled rapidly.

Returning to Cheyenne September 18, we left the next morning on the Union Pacific for Denver, and were soon on Colorado soil, the change to a more developed and longer-settled State being very marked. There was much more land under cultivation, the houses were larger and better and the towns more numerous. We passed through Greeley, named for Horace Greeley, LaSalle and one or two other good sized towns. Denver, 200,000 population, was decorated in honor of the approaching visit of President Taft. Here we were guests for a few days at the hospitable home of William Tait and family, formerly Delaware county people, whose long residence in the West has not lessened their kindly interest in their friends "back East." Their two youngest daughters, May, now Mrs. Robert Jackson, and Grace, now Mrs. Gros-

venor Clark, and husbands are with them. Mr. Jackson is first assistant to the Supt. of the Western Union Telegraph Co. and Mr. Clark has a good position with the railroad. Another daughter, Miss Anna, who has an excellent position in St. Louis as designer and buyer for a large dressmaking establishment, was home on vacation.

Denver is a healthful and charming city, encircled by ranges of mountains, some of them snow-capped. We visited two of its beautiful parks and went through the State capitol where is one of the best museums we saw while away. A large new library of gray granite is being built. The city has a mint, fine stores and business blocks, handsome hotels and residences, nearly all built of brick or stone. There are three or more large hospitals for consumptives, including the National Jewish institution, Oakes and the Phipps Memorial. The jewelry and curio stores were interesting places, gold stones, gold nuggets, agates, and other gems and articles peculiar to the locality predominating. Luscious fruits were abundantly displayed in the markets, cherries for sale by the "gallon." Excellent trolley service is given in Denver, all the cars running into the "tramway" station down town where the name of each is called as it approaches. Among Denver's legal lights is Hiram D. Ingersoll whose wife was a daughter of the late Edmund Rose of Elk Creek, N. Y. He thinks the West is the land of opportunities and had it been discovered first the East might never have been settled. As another Westerner expressed it, "The wise men came from the East and didn't go back." The "foolish virgins," however, are ticketed "back there."

CHAPTER XIII.

Cripple Creek, Garden of the Gods and Pike's Peak.

THERE are interesting trips galore out from Denver and Colorado Springs. The Moffatt road is a most scenic mountain trip, as is also the route to Cripple Creek where are located the greatest gold mining camps in the world, with possibly the exception of Africa. Cliff Dwellers' canyon is a most interesting historical attraction. Beautiful Williams canyon; that great geological miracle, the Cave of the Winds; Ute Pass, Rainbow Falls, North and South Cheyenne canyons, far-famed Pike's Peak and the wonderful Garden of the Gods are all of surpassing interest to tourists. Our dwindling supply of the coin of the realm prevented our taking all these trips and we chose three, Cripple Creek, Garden of the Gods and Pike's Peak.

Starting from Denver at 8 a. m. a pretty ride of two and a half hours brought us to Colorado Springs, 75 miles distant. We were in sight of the mountains most of the way and passed elephant and castle rocks, both named from their shape. From Colorado Springs we took the Cripple Creek "Short Line," which might properly be called the Long Line as it traverses 51 miles in covering a distance of but 22 miles by air line. The scenery on this trip is beyond description, and is said to resemble that of Switzerland. For three hours the train played hide and seek among the mountain peaks, running over trestles and bridges, through cuts and tunnels, hanging on the edges of steep precipices, doubling and redoubling on its circuitous route from mountain top to mountain top. The ever changing view of mountains, canyons and waterfalls, with frequent glimpses of Colorado Springs and the rich valley was grand and inspiring.

At Point Sublime we looked down a thousand feet to the stream below. The rocky point called St. Peter's Dome was in sight much of the way. Among the mountain passes here the railroad track makes the largest letter S, or double horse-shoe, in the world. Once or twice the smoke of Pueblo, 45 miles away was visible.

As we neared Goldfield we were delayed by Love—that is, by a station so named the train was halted by a derailed freight. An impatient wait of more than an hour ensued, until a miners' work train could be sent out from Cripple Creek after the passengers. We passed through the mining cities of Goldfield, Victor, Independence and Altman (the highest incorporated town in existence), besides several lesser towns. In this district all the mountains seem honeycombed by mines.

In addition to the large working mines, some of which have produced millions, the preliminary "diggin's" of prospectors are thicker than ant hills in the Nevada desert. Among the largest and most noted mines of Cripple Creek are the Portland, Victor, Vindicator and Independence, so named because it was discovered on July 4th. For two reasons we did not enter a mine; we had neither time nor a pass which is difficult to get. The "Abe Lincoln," a worked out mine, is kept as a sample for tourists to visit, the operations of mining being there illustrated. The elevation of Cripple Creek is 9490 feet; population about 10,000 without the "cripple" whom we saw later in Detroit. Aside from the mines the town is unattractive. Our return to Colorado Springs was via the Midland railroad and en route we witnessed a superb sunset on the Rockies.

Next day we went by trolley from Colorado Springs to Colorado City and by carriage from the well equipped station of W. M. Barr made a most satisfactory tour of The Garden of the Gods. Through the courtesy of the obliging and well, informed driver, W. H. Barker, we learned much regarding the curious formations found there. The Garden is 6415 feet above sea level, about three miles long and is entirely private property, being owned principally by the Perkins estate. It is the center of the strange sand stone formations which extend north into Wyoming and south into Arizona. The rocks are mostly red, though some are gray or white. Their freakish forms are supposed to have been caused by the action of the water ages ago upon the soft rock. Quartz pebbles are imbedded in many of them. The soil here is red clay. Many of the rocks bear odd resemblances to animals or objects and have been named accordingly. Helen Hunt Jackson whose grave on South Cheyenne Mountain overlooked the garden—her body has since been taken up and removed to the cemetery at Colorado Springs—bestowed many of the names. Conspicuous among the formations are balanced rock, steamboat, Punch and Judy, the mushroom group, among which the Toad and Toadstools appear, wine cellar, baggage and baggage master, Scotchman, eagle, elephant head, bear, seal, kissing camels, Chicago girl's foot, Siamese twins, Mother Grundy, sentinels, Chinese temple, cathedral spires, the three graces and the tower of Babel. The tower, the highest rock in the Garden, is 380 feet high. One of the gateway rocks is 330 feet high and a man who had climbed to the top of it looked as seen from the driveway about the size of a crow. Just outside the gateway is gypsum hill, a mound of soft, milkwhite stone which is used for making ornaments and souvenirs.

Pike's Peak was our next objective point and the day,



Punch and Judy—Garden of the Gods



Toad and Stools—Garden of the Gods



Gateway and Sentinels—Garden of the Gods

Sept. 23, was perfect, being clear as Colorado sunshine could make it. The distance from Colorado Springs, through Colorado City to Manitou, where the ascent of Pike's Peak begins, is but a few miles, the three towns being almost like one continuous city. Each, however, is under separate government and no trolley transfers are given from one to the other. Three times on the trip out the conductor's palm is extended with the cheerful salutation, "Fares please." From Manitou you have a choice of ways of ascending Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet high: You may walk but the ascent, nine miles, is too long and wearisome to return the same day; you may ride a burro and not be able to sit for a week afterward, or you may pay \$5 and go up on the cog road with those who wear diamonds. As our time was limited and we had been intimidated by stories of the many who faint by the way or are attacked by nosebleed or nausea, we "paid the fare thereof" for like the old miner our slogan had been, "Pike's Peak or bust." But when it was all over we felt a kinship with the little lad who "paid too much for the whistle." We do not wish to belittle the trip for it was indeed grand, but there are other trips on which we saw more for our money.

The steepest grade on the cog road is 25 per cent but the course is steadily upward, there being no tunnels and much less curving than on Mt. Lowe or the Cripple Creek route. Attractions along the way are hanging rock, lone fisherman rock—very striking in resemblance—Minnehaha Falls and house, Hell's Gate of mammoth perpendicular rocks, snow-covered Mt. Baldy and the seven small lakes that form part of the Colorado Springs water system. In the distance the smoke from the Victor and Cripple Creek mines was visible and further still the snowy peaks of the Sangre de Christo range in New Mexico loomed up. We counted 25 snow capped mountains and got a wonderful view of the valleys, hills and streams in all directions. Colorado Springs with its wide, regularly laid out streets and green trees looked like a green and brown checkerboard as seen from the summit. We crossed the timber line, above which there is no verdure, at an elevation of 11,500 feet. From there to the summit there is nothing but broken rocks. Plain, uninteresting light gray stones they are, varying in size from a tea cup to a barrel and very sharp and irregular in shape. Snow lay between the crevices of the stones and icicles were noticed here and there even before we reached the top. The air was cold as winter in spite of the sunshine and the warm fire in the mountain house was most welcome. Official souvenir cards were for sale at the mountain house, ten cents apiece, stamped for mailing. No other cards or letters could be mailed at the official postoffice on the



The Three Graces—Garden of the Gods.

summit. On descending to earth we bought similar cards at a penny apiece and mailed them minus the official stamp. At the summit, too, is a chance to send messages to one's friends from the highest telegraph office in the world. The Pike's Peak Daily News which claims to be "the most elevated publication on earth," prints each day the names of the "distinguished persons" who make the ascent and is kind enough to include all in its list, even those who have never distinguished themselves in any other way. A representative took the names and addresses when the car went up and on our return the papers were ready for sale at ten cents a copy.

Manitou has famous mineral springs and with Colorado Springs is popular with health seekers, especially those having lung trouble. Colorado Springs is 6000 feet above sea level. Its population is 35,000. Its best known building, probably, is the Antlers hotel, a large and handsome building located near the heart of the city. President Taft visited Colorado Springs while we were there and caused a "round up" in the park that beat any we had seen on the Wyoming plains. Hemmed in by the crowd so that we could neither see nor hear the illustrious speaker we broke loose from the round up, wormed our way to the street and there secured a good position in the front ranks. As a reward for our efforts we basked for one second in the Taft smile, more genial even than the Colorado sunshine. Speaking of the Colorado sunshine—it is as bright as the gold of her mountains and no skies could be bluer.

The visit of President Taft to Colorado marked an event of supreme importance for that State, viz: the opening of the Gunnison tunnel. No words of ours can tell what took place on that occasion so well as the following extract from "The Heroes of Gunnison Tunnel" in a recent number of Everybody's Magazine:

"On Sept. 27 the eyes of the people of the United States were centered in a desert town in the southwest corner of Colorado, Lujane. At the hour of noon President Taft at Lujane touched an electric button, releasing a spark; and miles away out of a tunnel through a spur in the wilds of the Rockies the Gunnison River was diverted from the world-famous Black Canyon and rushed into the Uncompahgre Valley with the rumble and thunder of a cataract. Into a huge canal it seethed and roared, a deluge of molten silver ten feet deep and eighty feet across, traveling at the rate of a mile a minute, with a force of 6000 horse power. At the rate of 8000 gallons a minute it flowed, filling 400 miles of lateral canals that grid-ironed 200,000 acres of brown, lifeless desert, uninhabitable, bad as the palm of your hand, cracked open in seams and fis-

asures with the bombardment of ages of suns. As the flood gushed forth dynamite mines crashed salute amid dust and rocks and pebbles, clouds of yellow fumes wafting lazily toward azure skies. Then the news that the first of our gigantic irrigation systems had been put into operation was telegraphed throughout the land. A desert, where no creature could have lived, had been reclaimed. Five thousand 40-acre farms, the home sites of 25,000 men, women and children, have been thrown open. Crops, herds, villages and towns with granaries, hay presses and other factories will spring up amid that fertile soil—from the beginning of all time the range of the viper—through the wizard touch of the engineer, turned into a garden spot, the source of inestimable wealth to the nation."

At Colorado Springs we visited Mr. and Mrs. James S. Scott and her sister, Miss Madge MacLaury, who went there about a year ago from North Kortright, N. Y., on account of Mrs. Scott's health. Of late she has been making decided improvement. Mr. Scott is in the grocery business there.

On our return to Denver we passed a bad freight wreck on the Colorado & Southern; iron ore from Wyoming. Many broken cars and tons of the ore were scattered about. As usual on our trips through the West we found very pleasant traveling companions. On this occasion they were wide awake Colorado people, very loyal to their State and to the West. Dr. A. L. Stubbs, railroad surgeon at La Junta, and his wife, herself a physician, proved exceptionally genial and versatile conversationalists. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vogel of Carrizo, Colo., also wholesouled Westerners, enlivened the way with anecdotes of their former ranch life and gave us as a souvenir a rattlesnake's rattle. These reptiles are numerous in southeastern Colorado and Kansas. Colorado, like Wyoming, has not much timber that is valuable for lumber. Cottonwood trees grow along the streams but there are scarcely any trees on the prairies. Irrigation is practiced, especially in the southern part of the State where alfalfa, oats, wheat, sugar beets and fruit are raised. In northern Colorado some dry farming is done and potatoes are a staple crop, but in the southern part "spuds" are a failure. In the northern and eastern part sheep raising is quite an industry and there are big herds of Herefords on the plains. With its stock raising, its diversified agricultural products and its mountains of gold, silver and coal Colorado is one of the richest States.

CHAPTER XIV

Features of Middle West. Kansas, Missouri, Illinois.

WE cannot leave Denver without paying a deserved tribute to the Information Bureau at the Union station. More courteous, well informed and painstaking officials we have never seen. We neglected to state previously that the cousin who had thus far been our appreciated traveling companion, left us at Lusk, having stops to make in Kansas and Iowa. During the rest of our journey we studied our time tables and lugged our own suit cases. After Denver our next stop was at Coatsburg, Ill., and we had only a margin of ten minutes at Kansas City to change from the Union Pacific to the C., B. & Q. Ry. Our train was an hour late leaving Denver; so it was with visions of an enforced stopover at Kansas City that we departed about 1:40 p. m. Sept. 24. But through trains on Western roads make time and this one sped over the plains at a rate that brought us into Kansas City right on time.

The scenery that afternoon was not of special interest. By sundown we were nearing the Kansas line and were in the flattest country we had ever seen. The broad prairies met the sky on all sides, not even a tree obstructing the view. The sunset glow was brilliant, extending half way round the horizon. Late that evening we reached Ellis, Kan., where the time changes from Mountain to Central. During the night we passed the great Kansas wheat belt. The State, it is estimated, will this year yield 90,000,000 bushels. We also passed through Manhattan and Fort Riley, the former named for Manhattan, N. Y. One of the founders of Manhattan, Kan., was Andrew J. Mead deceased, a native of Waiton but a New York business man most of his life. Morning found us still on the prairies but these were highly cultivated. The immense cornfields corroborated the big stories we had heard of Kansas corn. Our route lay through Topeka, the capital of Kansas, and Lawrence where are located the State university and Haskell Indian institute; and followed for some distance the Kansas river.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dixon of Kansas City, Kan., gave us information regarding their home State. Our acquaintance with them began by the loan of our drinking cup to Mrs. Dixon. This was soon after we entered Kansas and we then observed that the public drinking cups with which the train was provided while in Colorado, had been removed. A State law went into effect in Kansas Sept. 1, 1909, which prohibits the placing of public drinking cups in schools, on trains or

other public places. Each must provide his own drinking cup, borrow or go thirsty. More than that "Adam's ale" is the approved drink and no "firewater" can be bought in the State. Kansas certainly believes in sanitation. Here is another example: It is said that hotels and boarding houses throughout the State are required to supply their beds with sheets nine feet in length so as to fully cover and protect the mattresses and bed clothes.

We crossed the Missouri river at Kansas City and thought the river well entitled to the name, meaning "Muddy Water." Most of the streams we saw in the State of Missouri had the same muddy appearance. The land is more rolling than in Kansas, there are more trees and shrubs and the physical features in general bear quite a resemblance to New York State. In fact we felt quite at home in the land of the "razor backs," the mules and the "Show Mes." Such herds of mules and hogs turned out to pasture we had never seen, neither did we see anywhere a more independent, high headed and high heeled citizen than the long eared Missouri mule. As in Kansas here were large fields of corn and other grain. We saw a few typical old-fashioned Southern homes—large, low roofed and with broad tree-shaded piazzas, which we pictured as the homes of former slave owners. From the number we observed in passing through the State we judged there is quite a percentage of colored people. What we saw of Missouri weather was all that could be desired, warm and sunny, but there was evidence of more rainfall than we had noted further West, except along the coast. No irrigation is necessary.

A daylight ride of seven hours September 25 took us through Missouri and across the Mississippi river to Quincy, Ill., the county seat of Adams county and a town of 40,000 people. A Soldiers' Home is located there. From Quincy we took a local train on the C., B. & Q. to Coatsburg, a small station where we expected to be "met," but "the best laid plans 'o mice and men gang oft agley." There was no one at the station who seemed to be looking for trouble or for visitors. But learning that Columbus, our objective point, was only three miles away, we stored the suitcase and started, walking according to directions "first two blocks south, then one block east, two south, then east again, following the telephone poles." Thinking every rig we met was after us we looked pleasantly at the drivers. The third one proved to be our cousin, Herbert MacLaury, who took us that night to the home of his sister, Mrs. Eva Brant. Mr. MacLaury and sister were born in Delaware county, N. Y., but when quite young removed with their parents to Illinois. They are pleasantly located within a few miles of each other. Mr. MacLaury has

three children, Mrs. Brant two. Her husband died two years ago. We were guests for four days at Hotel Brant, the only hotel in the little village of Columbus, a temperance house as are all the hotels in that township.

The hotel is a brick mansion built in 1835 by Frederick Collins as a private residence. It has an interesting history. Here Lincoln and Douglas were entertained when on a debating tour prior to the Civil War. In the attic is a secret "cubby hole" which has more than once served as a hiding place for fugitive slaves attempting to escape to the North for Mr. Collins, then the owner, was in thorough sympathy with the abolitionists and was a man of considerable influence in that community. Columbus is a rambling little hamlet of only about 200 people. It was the ancient seat of Adams county and was a thriving village of six or seven hundred population years ago when Quincy was only a beginner. But the coming of the railroad was a boom for Quincy and Columbus, railroadless, lost the county seat. This part of Illinois is comparatively level and the land fertile and easily cultivated. Here in our cousin's garden we saw for the first time "the sweet potato starting from the ground." This toothsome vegetable is raised here to a considerable extent. It is a great country for winter wheat and other grains; not much dairying. Some farmers have more horses than cows. Peaches and quinces are among the fruits grown. There are few springs or streams in that immediate section and the wells afford hard water. Nearly every house has its cistern where rain water is secured for washing.

Illinois people, in common with others in parts of the Middle and Far West, are not only broad shouldered, broad minded and broad hearted but they are a bit broad spoken too, at least so it seemed to us. Doubtless our quick spoken vowels and Eastern provincialisms sounded equally odd to them. They roll the letter O like a sweet morsel on the tongue somewhat after this style: "The dawg stands awn a lawg while the hawgs and stawck run right awn." Instead of "carrying" a lamp they "pack" it. All the pails there are "buckets" and the wagons are either "single or double buggies." But for friendliness and genuine kindness the Illinois people we met can't be beat anywhere. We met a number of them too, for informal calls are fashionable in Columbus and new-comers are given "the glad hand."

CHAPTER XV

Seeing Chicago by Automobile and Trolley. Battle Creek's Sanitariums and Pure Food Plants.

WE left Coatsburg on the evening train Sept. 29. Though the train was local there was a through coach to Chicago and on this we enjoyed a good night's rest, the lights being turned out and no names of stations called. We passed through several large towns, including Bushnell, Galesburg and Aurora, reaching Chicago about 7 a. m. We spent that day viewing Chicago; visited a number of the large stores on State street, among them Rothschilds, Seigel & Cooper's and the Marshall Field store, an immense department store which occupies a whole block and is 12 stories and basement high. Among the fine buildings we noted the Masonic temple. Lincoln Park with its museum and "zoo" is a most interesting place. Among the rarities in the zoo were sacred cattle from India, two trios of young lions, playful as kittens, a young camel and a flock of "lovebirds" perched on a tree in couples, kissing and rubbing cheeks most affectionately. From Lincoln Park a fine view is had of Lake Michigan whose waves roar and break on the beach with almost as much fury as the ocean. The lake supplies Chicago with water.

Leaving the park we had a trolley ride of at least 12 miles without transfer, all for a nickel, which is getting your money's worth especially as compared with the three-fold fare from Colorado Springs to the foot of Pike's Peak. This ride brought us to an attractive residential section and within two blocks of the home of Dr. J. G. Campbell, only son of Mrs. Mary Campbell of Delhi, N. Y. Here we were delightfully entertained over night and saw more of the city by taking an automobile ride with the doctor. We noted many artistic and beautiful homes. One of gray stone with towers was modeled like an old English castle. We passed through Washington and Jackson parks, the latter the scene of the great World's Fair of 1893, and rode along the wide avenue then known as Midway Plaisance. The Arts building is, we believe, the only one of the exposition buildings now standing and it is considerably the worse for wear. A contest is now on regarding a site for the Fields Museum now located there. When this is decided and a new home for the museum erected, the old Arts building will be torn down. The later exposition cities have built more substantial and permanent buildings than Chicago.

This, our second visit to Chicago, convinced us that the city is not all made up of narrow streets and dingy buildings.

but that many parts, especially in the suburbs, are very beautiful. We left the hustling Western metropolis on the morning of Oct. 1, taking the "Wolverine," one of the fastest trains on the Michigan Central. Not far out we passed through Gary, Ind., where Dr. Charles A. DeLong is located. His wife was Miss Helen Humphrey of North Kortright, N. Y. At Michigan City we got a view of Lake Michigan. This city is reached by boat from Chicago, all the way on the lake. In Michigan we noticed the first signs of autumn—reddening vines and sumach leaves and quantities of purple asters. The foliage of the trees was still green. We saw one field of sugar cane and many immense grape vineyards, especially in the vicinity of Decatur. Michigan is noted for celery culture and about Kalamazoo and Battle Creek are big fields of it. Many large fields of winter wheat, sprouting emerald green from the soil, were seen on the trip across the State. Kalamazoo, noted as the seat of a State Normal school and of an insane asylum, was a fine, well kept town.

A stopover was secured at Battle Creek and here, as at all stopover points east of Chicago, our round trip tickets had to be deposited with the station agent until we renewed the journey. West of Chicago our A. Y. P. tickets were good as gold for stops at any station, large or small, on the route without being deposited. We had a wait of several hours at Battle Creek to get a train on the Allegan division of the Michigan Central up to Monteith. We were fortunate in having our wait at this particular point for Battle Creek is a wonderfully interesting city of about 30,000, having more and larger "health food" manufactories than any other town. At one time there were 35 distinct plants but some have gone down or been removed. We visited the world renowned Grape Nut and Postum factory of C. W. Post who through this enterprise has become a multi-millionaire. He began business in 1895 in a small barn which is still on the grounds and is pointed out to visitors as the starter of the plant which now covers ten acres. Visitors are most courteously received, taken to the dining room and treated to a cup of Postum and a dish of Post Toasties with sugar and cream, then shown over the premises, accompanied by a guide—all free, for this is one of Mr. Post's methods of advertising. There were 21,000 visitors in the last two years.

This, the largest food plant in the world, manufactures Postum coffee, Grape Nuts and Toasties. The factories run day and night and about 600 people are employed. The products have a large foreign as well as domestic market. At Windsor, Can., a new plant has just been established to supply the foreign trade. Choice wheat with ten per cent New

Orleans molasses are the raw ingredients of Postum. The Toasties are made from white corn and the Grape Nuts from two flours, wheat and barley; malted and predigested. Grape Nuts are started like bread. A dough, raised with yeast in immense tanks, is cut into loaves by machinery at the rate of 20 a minute, raised again and baked in enormous ovens. The loaves are sliced and dried from 12 to 16 hours in an oven, then ground and sifted ready for market. The boxes, made at another plant, are here folded, filled, sealed and wrapped, all by automatic machinery. One machine takes the place of 36 persons. Artesian wells on the premises supply the water used. The proprietor, C. W. Post, originally came to Battle Creek for his health and while at the Sanitarium there made a study of dietetics and evolved the principles which he has put into operation in his factories with such material profit. Part of his time he spends in Texas where he has large business interests.

Other large industries at Battle Creek are the Malta Vitae and Maple Flake factories, Nichols & Shepard's big threshing machine manufactory, the cannery, the New Idea Stoves and Ranges, Corl pianos, an organ factory, box and printing plants supported by the many pure food enterprises. The town has also a sanitarium and a sanatorium, both of which we visited. The sanitarium, one of the first of such institutions, started 41 years ago in a small two story cottage. It now has 500 patients, with capacity for more, and a large medical staff, besides a manual training department and medical school. All diseases except consumption are treated. The results of the experiments of Chittenden, Mendel (Lafayette B.) a native of Delhi, N. Y., and others are made the basis of work in the dietetic department. Rooms in the main building with board and treatment, are only from \$25 to \$50 a week. Our pocket-books being sicker than we, we didn't stay. The main building is fire proof and the kitchen on the top floor. No cooking odors reach the patients.

The Phelps Sanitorium, now owned by C. W. Post, has been leased the past year to Bernarr MacFadden who is now moving to Chicago with patients, school furniture and appliances. The five story building, of small gray boulders cemented together, is beautifully located and most artistic, outside and in. The capacity is 400 patients. The MacFadden Sanitorium, established in New York in 1904, treats by fasting, dieting, massage, physical culture and electricity. No medicine is used. The fast is deemed of special importance. One man afflicted with locomotor ataxia, fasted for 50 days and still lives. The fast is broken by acids, after which the patient

is put on a milk diet, the idea being to destroy the old body as completely as can be done without death from starvation, and to build up a new one. How the price of board would be affected by the fast we did not learn.

CHAPTER XVI

Michigan Farms. Detroit's Industries. Niagara Falls. End
of 9000 Mile Journey Through 18 States. How
Home Compares With the West.

FROM Battle Creek on the evening of Oct. 1, a ride of about an hour brought us to Montieth, the station being named for the many families of that name there. We visited two Montieth homes. Thomas, brother of a former pastor at North Kortright, N. Y., and of Mrs. J. E. Harper of Delhi, married Miss Emma Henderson of North Kortright. They have four daughters, the eldest of whom completes the Normal course at Kalamazoo in 1910. Their farm of 160 acres is level and largely under cultivation. This year they had 20 acres of oats, 30 of corn, 25 of potatoes and 44 acres of winter wheat have been sown. George Monteith who married Mary Henderson, a sister of Mrs. Thomas Monteith, owns a farm of 180 acres about three miles away. This year in addition to other crops he had 19 bushels of mammoth clover seed which is a good proposition. The garden produced splendid melons and an abundance of grapes, three or four varieties. These fruits were in their prime and we feasted "for fair." Leonard, aged 16, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Monteith, finishes High school at Martin in June, 1910. They have two daughters younger. Mrs. Monteith's father, Charles Henderson, is making his home with her now. He is in good health and keeps in touch with his former home through the Delaware Express. We called on Mrs. Sarah Monteith, widow of Rev. R. C. Monteith. She has as ever the kindest interest in North Kortright and made many inquiries for the people there. Her health has not been good of late, owing to asthma. On Sunday, Oct. 3, we attended a U. P. church at Martin, Mich., the only one in that section. It is in the Detroit Presbytery.

Returning to Battle Creek Monday we again boarded the Wolverine and passed through a fine farming section. The part of Michigan we saw is mainly level and the roads are laid out with precision, running at right angles, north and south and east and west. Jackson; the university town of Ann Arbor, and Ypsilanti were the large towns passed on that day's ride. We stopped a few hours at Detroit and looked up the home of James MacLaury whose wife was Miss Lizzie Eells of Walton, N. Y. The family have traveled extensively and their home is made attractive by a rare collection of curios

and souvenirs gathered on their foreign trips. Mr. MacLaury has for some years been secretary of the Detroit Solvay Works which employs 1700 men. Soda and many bi-products are manufactured. Detroit with a population of 450,000, leads in the manufacture of automobiles. The Ford factory is largely glass with reinforced concrete and occupies from three to four blocks. Other auto factories are the Chalmers-Detroit, Cadillac, Olds-Mobile—one of the first made—and the Packard, the largest in the world, with 2500 employees. The pay-roll of the Packard is about \$152,000 a week. The Buick car is manufactured at Flint, Mich., 80 miles out.

A night's ride through Ontario brought us to Niagara Falls at dawn. Here we spent a "right pretty" day. We took the belt line trip to view the falls, eight miles by trolley on the Canada side and back on the American side over the narrow gorge route. At Table Rock House on the Canada side we donned rubber suits and went down the elevator 100 feet, then through a long, narrow descending tunnel where from different points behind Horse Shoe Falls we viewed that mighty cataract. Having never seen a "cloudburst" we cannot say positively, but imagine the sight might be similar. Later we had a fine view of both falls from Goat Island. The sun shining on the spray made beautiful rainbows and from one point we saw two. There is wonderful scenery elsewhere but there is only one Niagara and its grandeur once seen can never be forgotten.

From Buffalo we took a side trip on the Erie Ry. to Warsaw and spent a few days with an aunt, Mrs. M. A. Barber, and her daughter, Mrs. L. H. Humphrey, wife of a physician at Silver Springs. Warsaw, population between three and four thousand, is the county seat of Wyoming county, and the buildings, grouped on a square with a soldiers' monument near by, reminded us of those of Delhi. It is a busy town, operating button, glove and box factories, a knitting mill, farm implements manufactory, novelty and elevator works. It has six churches, two banks, High school, library and Masonic building. At Silver Springs there are twelve salt plants, the famous Worcester salt being made there. All through Oatka valley in the vicinity of Warsaw are great salt beds, the strata varying in depth from 85 to 100 feet. It is estimated there is enough salt here to keep the whole world from getting "fresh" for 5000 years. It is obtained by putting down water and pumping up the strong brine thus formed. This is evaporated, through various processes. At only one place is the salt mined. The works at Warsaw have for some time been idle but it is expected by Nov. 1 the Crystal Salt plant there will be in full operation again, employing from 50 to 100 men.

On Saturday the gray dawn found us on our way to the Warsaw station, intent on reaching home that night, but alas the six o'clock train was two hours late which "pied" all our plans. We missed the early fast train at Buffalo, had a two hours wait in Utica and by the trolley route reached Oneonta, 20 miles from home, that night—"so near and yet so far"—that we did not see home until Monday morning, Oct. 11.

Before reaching Utica we surrendered our beloved and well worn "A. Y. P." round trip tickets on which we had traveled about 8000 miles. The side trips taken would probably add at least another thousand miles to our journey. We went either the length of or through parts of the following States: New York, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas and Missouri and through the southern part of Ontario, and saw seven capital cities, St. Paul, Salem, Sacramento, Salt Lake, Cheyenne, Denver and Topeka. Not once on the entire trip were we delayed or even inconvenienced by storms. For beautiful weather, good health, a long journey without accident and a safe homecoming we are thankful.

In conclusion we do not wish our praises of the West to be misleading. To be sure much of the scenery is grand and wonderful, the climate in certain parts is ideal and there are all kinds of opportunities in the way of work and investments. Still the men and women who succeed in the West must be plucky, capable, energetic and persevering and for such there are splendid chances right at home where dairying, agriculture, manufacturing, building, commerce, teaching and business enterprises afford lucrative employment for all who are inclined to get busy. Here is a land literally, "flowing with milk and honey," a land of gilt edged butter and maple sweet, a country of pure air and crystal-clear water where cisterns and irrigation ditches are not necessary and where the wooded hills afford profit as well as beauty. New York State has a host of scenic attractions too, foremost of which are the world-renowned Niagara Falls; the Hudson River, rivaling the Rhine; the majestic Catskill Mountains, the beautiful central lakes and Lake George; the charming Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and the wonderful rocky canyon, Watkins Glen. The pretty villages and hustling cities of the Empire State are teeming with business. Yes, there are great advantages for the ambitious in the State that can boast of such men as William H. Seward, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Gov. Charles E. Hughes; and here among the leal home folks every progressive step will be encouraged with the glad hand and a hearty "God bless you."

